'PUMP MY RUMP TWICE A NIGHT!'

KINKS

SPRING 1991 U.S. $3.50 CAN. $3.95 K 48329

JIZZ LOVERS: THEY WANT IT ALL OVER THEIR BODIES!

KINKY SEX: HOT, STEAMY WATER SPORTS!

295

11
0 71896 48329 1

KINKS

4	HOOKED ON TAG SEX!
12	PUMP MY RUMP!
19	SEX AT 30,000 FEET!
26	THE SECRET OF MY SUCK-CESS!
34	CRAZY ABOUT MY CLIMAX MACHINE!
40	TALK TO ME WITH YOUR TITS!
48	RAUNCHY OUTDOOR HUMPING!
60	HORNY HOMECUMMING!
68	FUCKING THE HOT STUD NEXT DOOR!
78	SLIT-SHAVING LEZZIES!
84	HANDSOME, HIGH-CLASS AND HUNG!
92	LILA'S HOUSE OF PLEASURE!
99	BIRTHDAY BONDAGE!
106	WE PLAYED PISS POKER!

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Dixon Cambridge
MANAGING EDITOR
Linda Mays
PRODUCTION MANAGER
D. Nero
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR
C.P. Kristian
ART CONSULTANT
Damian
COVER DESIGN
DN Graphics
SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS
Gloria Wandrous
PROOF EDITOR
Marty K. Morris
CORRESPONDENTS
Harry Katz
Eugene Domino
Cassie T.
Cece Parks

HUMAN DIGEST presents KINKS, is published semi-annually in the United States by Thomaston Publications Inc., P.O. Box 4724, NYC, NY 10163.

© Copyright 1991 by Thomaston Publications, Inc. All reasonable care will be taken but no responsibility assumed on unsolicited articles, photos, or art. If return is required, postage must accompany material. Address all queries and samples to: Articles Editor, KINKS, P.O. Box 4724, NYC, NY 10163. KINKS reserves all rights on material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to KINKS, its editors or correspondents, will be assumed intended for publication and reproduction and may therefore be used for this purpose. Nothing appearing in KINKS may be reproduced, in whole or in part, without the written consent of the publisher.

Distributed in the United States, Canada, and all U.S. territorial possessions by Kable News, 777 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Printed in Canada.

HOOKED ON TAG SALE SEX!

I shop Around for the Kinkiest Kicks Ever!

by Tony X.

I'VE OFTEN READ about the swinging sex scenes that occurred in the late 1960s and '70s, wishing I had been an adult then. Now, of course, those days are in the past. Or are they?

Last summer, I had a series of sex experiences that had to match those swinging years. In fact, if you're looking for a new way of perhaps meeting some truly kinky women, what happened to

me could happen to you.

My amazing run of luck began innocently at an apartment tag sale. Tag sales have been popular now for years as a good way of earning extra bucks for household items that would otherwise be thrown away. It's also great for finding some terrific buys. As you undoubtedly know, anything can be bought or sold, from old 78 rpm records, all kinds of furniture and more.

Different types of people hold house, apartment, or garage tag sales. Senior citizens, newlyweds, college students, etc. It was the latter group that first blew my mind as well as my dick.

I'm a twenty-six-year-old Bostonian, divorced, and considered quite handsome. (Everyone tells me I look like Tom Selleck). Boston is one of the top college cities in the country, which means there's a huge influx of young adults constantly moving in and out of apartments and constantly holding tag sales. Most of these tag sales take place at both the beginning and end of summer.

I was married for three years. After my divorce, I lived with my parents until I could find an apartment which, through a buddy, I got in early June. I decided to furnish it slowly, and hit the tag sales to pick up some good buys. The last thing on my mind was sex, especially kinky sex, yet it began with the very first apartment tag sale I went to.

The apartment had been rented by two girls from Detroit who had graduated college here and were rushing to get back to Michigan. When I arrived at the apartment, the sale was already over. Somehow, I mixed up the designated hours of the sale with another apartment sale. It was the best mistake I ever made in my life.

As I explained to the girls why I was late, I sure liked the one named Denise. She was about five feet seven, slender, with black hair, blue eyes, and terrific legs. She was wearing cut-off jeans and sneakers. Her roommate. Tina, wasn't particularly attractive, but not ugly either. She was small, somewhat plump, with flaming red hair in a punk rock style.

Denise said there wasn't much stuff left, but she showed me a dresser which I did buy. Then, while I was rummaging alone through a closet taking some hangers, I knocked a box over on its side. Some photos fell out. One look and I had a raging hard-on! They showed Denise and Tina having sex with each other as well as with some black guy! One photo had them both impaled on a double-pronged dildo! Suddenly, Tina saw me with the photos and hollered bloody murder.

Lovely Denise rushed into the bedroom. Quickly, I said how sensational the photos were, and

how I wished I was the "lucky dude in them." They soon calmed down and we started talking, including having some beers. An hour later, we were all naked!

We balled on a mattress in the living room. Denise got things started by having me watch her suck Tina's pussy. Then, I was in sex heaven boffing Denise in the rear position as she continued munching Tina's cunt. As Denise's lovely butt moved back in rhythm, meeting my thrusts, I came off! She moved away from me and squatted down on Tina's face so Tina could lap up my load dribbling out of Denise's gash!

Next, they went down on me together. Watching them swap my pork from one mouth to another had me going bonkers. When I ejaculated, my fresh load splattered Tina's face. Denise's tongue scooped up my spunk sliding down Tina's cheeks.

Later, I fucked Tina as she sat on my dick. Denise pushed Tina slightly forward as we fucked, exposing Tina's butthole. Then, while my cock stayed put in Tina's pussy, Denise finger-fucked her asshole! Smiling at me, Denise withdrew her fingers and began sucking them. I came off fast in Tina's pussy. Although I was now exhausted, the two babes still went at it with Tina smearing my cum on Denise's tits, then sucking them. That was the first incredible sex adventure I had last summer.

The following week was another tag sale. A couple in their late thirties were selling their furnishings. The husband was a stockbroker, his wife, Rhonda, a zaftig redhead. She didn't have the prettiest face, but with her body it didn't matter.

Again, I accidentally arrived late, but I did buy some fancy mirrors. Rhonda commented on my resemblance to Tom Selleck. Fred, the husband, offered me a cocktail. After exchanging small

'Tina smeared my cum on Denise's tits, then sucked them wildly.'

talk, Fred suddenly peppered me with personal sex questions: "do you like sex? Threesomes, are you healthy, discreet?" During another round of drinks, Fred revealed that he and Rhonda were swingers! Was I interested?

Before I could answer, Rhonda was between my legs, probing for my dick. Fred unzipped his fly and pulled out a short but thick prick. As Rhonda pulled down my jeans, Fred said he loved to see his wife with another guy. When I finally said, okay

Rhonda stood up and stripped naked, as did Fred. Seeing Rhonda's huge, hanging melons and her shaved pussy had me hard and naked immediately.

Fred asked me to stand while Rhonda knelt down before me.

"Fuck her mouth," he said. "She loves that." As Rhonda opened her mouth wide, I put my cock inside. First, she deep-throated me, also caressing my balls, before pulling back to get her mouth fucked. Fred was furiously pulling on his thick dick.

We both jerked off on her big tits.

I had excellent control fucking Rhonda's mouth until she inserted her finger in my anus! My jizz shot out with such large spurts that much of it ran down her chin. Fred hurried over, scooping up my spunk with his fingers and pushing it into his wife's mouth!

Later, we both jerked off on her big tits, and Fred surprised me when *he* licked Rhonda's boobs squeaky clean of all my cum. Then, as I was about to fuck her, he asked me to fuck him, too, explaining Rhonda got off on that. When I politely said 'no thanks,' they asked me to take the mirrors and leave. That ended that.

My next encounter involved two pretty babes, Marie and Paula. Marie was an international exchange student from Spain. Paula hailed from Kentucky. This time I *purposely* came late to their tag sale. However, I did buy a coffee table, and hung around to talk, at their request.

I made the initial sex move to see what would happen. I told them about my other experiences, making sure they saw the lump jutting in my pants. Marie, who had olive skin and a very sultry face, spoke Spanish to Paula and they both giggled. Paula, incidentally, was an attractive brunette. Both wore jeans, T-shirts, and sneakers.

I asked what Marie said and Paula replied, "She said you're very handsome, but didn't think you liked her." I said,

"What brought that on?" "Your stories," Paula answered. Then, very innocently, she added, "We'd like to have sex with you, but Marie's from Spain and hairy." I assumed she was referring to Marie's pussy, and said hairy women excite me just as much as hairless ones. Again, they giggled, but the action quickly began. I undressed first,

wanting to leisurely watch them strip. Marie did a slow, sensuous strip. She had beautiful legs. When she pulled off her panties, she turned to show me her ass. Her shapely legs were covered with hair! Though American men aren't turned on by women's hairy legs, Marie's turned me on, thanks to what Paula did to them.

As Marie put on spike-heeled shoes, Paula, kneeling before her, licked Marie's hairy calves! My dick swelled up further at that. Marie gestured me to join her. When I did, we kissed hungrily. As Marie rubbed my cock against her pussy. Paula moved in. I thought she was going to suck my dick. Surprise! She went behind me and licked my buttocks. As I leaned over and sucked Marie's tits, Paula's tongue sunk deep into my asshole! Marie fell to her knees and gobbled up my prick!

Both beauties did a lube job on my ass and cock I'll never forget. They took turns reaming my ass and sucking my prick. Finally, when I filled Paula's mouth with my warm, sticky cream, both girls ignored me as they divided my come like famished wolves. Then, they sixty-nined each other until I was erect again.

However, instead of letting me fuck them, Paula sucked me off again. With her mouth filled with spunk, she dripped it out over Marie's calves and went into her own world, biting, licking and chewing Marie's hairy legs, now smeared with white cum streaks.

Again, I got hard and wanted to fuck them, but Paula said they were only into "oral sex. Take it or leave it!" I took it. This led to Paula blowing me again while Marie sat on my face. Marie's Spanish cunt juice, I must admit, tasted delicious and I had sloppy seconds of it. Paula added the clincher by fingering my asshole as I came off in her mouth. I must also admit I enjoyed eating Marie's ass before the night ended.

The following week was a tag sale at an apartment of a young black woman. I had never made it with a black babe, but the way Nancy's jutting behind jiggled as she showed me around, had me aching to end bigotry.

Nancy was a dancer and moving to California with a friend. Though she was black as ebony she had a tiny, chiseled nose and straight black hair, which she explained came from some, 'white motherfucker,' generations ago.

After buying some blankets from her, she mentioned my resemblance to you-know-who and we started rapping. She was wearing a yellow jersey, yellow shorts and yellow sneakers. She was very sexy looking.

As I described my other adventures, she squirmed in her chair, touching her crotch. I started complimenting her great ass. "You dig black ass, eh?" I

said, yes. "Okay, kiss this, Honky," she said, smiling. Then, she stood up, pulled down her shorts, turned around and obscenely parted her buttocks.

Nancy said later she really didn't think I'd do it, but when I stuck my tongue into her black bottom, we both were surprised, but pleasantly. What an ass! She let me finger-fuck her oven while she masturbated, and then sucked me off.

On my second hard-on, she put a condom on my dick and told me to fuck her butt. While we were in bed ass-fucking, a strange feminine voice suddenly shouted, "Nancy, I'm home." Despite telling me to stay inside her ass, I went limp from the unexpected interruption. She warned me to remove my dick carefully so the condom didn't slip off. Naturally, I assumed she was practicing "safe sex."

As I slipped off the condom containing my thick cream, in walked a gorgeous blue-eyed, platinum blonde creature. She was wearing a short, black silk dress and stiletto-heeled black leather shoes. Her name was Carol. She was thirty years old, a jazz singer going to California with Nancy, *her lover.*

After being introduced, Carol said to Nancy, "Does he fuck as good as he looks?" Nancy responded, "He eats black ass, too." Suddenly, Nancy took the condom from me and poured the contents over her black breasts! I looked on stunned as Carol, still dressed, sucked Nancy's tits now covered with my jism! Then, Carol raised her dress, exposing a bare pussy and masturbated!

"Get it up," Nancy said to me. "Carol's got an ass also made for fucking *and* sucking." My dick was already up. How I wish I had a videotape of what then took place.

After Carol stripped naked, everything seemed *normal* if I can use that word in this context. As Nancy laid down, Carol got on her hands and knees and started devouring Nancy's pussy. Her lovely, round white ass stuck out grossly. When Nancy said, "C'mon, suck Carol's oven," did I ever!

I ate enough ass that night to last me a lifetime, but Carol's chute was pure joy. I pronged her fabulous anus with deep, hard thrusts, while her face was still glued to Nancy's cunt. Nancy suddenly began pissing on Carol! As shocked as I was, that's how hot I got, too.

My prick exploded in Carol's chute and I had a tremendous orgasm. After pulling out, Carol turned around and sucked my cock clean, her gorgeous face dripping with piss! Then, she backed up and sat down hard on Nancy's mouth!

My tired, limp penis struggled to get up again as Carol began peeing on Nancy's tits. Both

lovelies forgot me in the excitement of their own kinky sex desires. I certainly didn't mind watching them act like cannibals over each other's tits, lips and pussies. It also gave my dick time to recover.

Then, however, Carol stretched out on the bed, resting her head on my crotch. As I stroked her hair, she said,"I want you to piss on Nancy and me, but I guess you can't do it with that big erection." She started sucking my dick as Nancy crawled over to also join in. I'm telling you. two women, be they beautiful or ugly, working on one dick simultaneously, is one of the most exciting sex acts there is. As globs of my cum landed on their faces, they lapped each glob off the other as if each one contained some kind of exotic vitamin. "Now, piss on us!" Carol ordered.

They laid down in an embrace, kissing each other, squeezing each other's tits and nipples, as I knelt over them, my dick bursting with urine. It poured out of my cock like a storm of golden rain! I soaked their tits, their fingers, and when Carol cried out to piss on their faces, I did. Throughout the seemingly, never-ending pee that splashed out of my hose, they also masturbated each other! I had never seen such an erotic reaction to ordinary pissing.

Okay, I must confess that I tried it, too. As weird as it was, it was also incredibly exciting to have Carol and Nancy pee on my dick, chest, and yes, my face, too. But as they explained afterwards as we all showered together, that's all there is to it. After it's over-take a quick shower and back to fucking and sucking. I really regretted not ever seeing them again. They were the wildest women I ever met, that is until I went to another tag sale and met Kelly, Arianne and Julia.

Unfortunately, after writing down these prior serial sex escapades of the summer, I'm too fatigued to continue and so is my trusty old dick. In closing, however, it may be worth checking out these various tag sales in your neighborhood. But go late. You may find more interesting things waiting for you than lamps, old records, or a kitchen table.

Piss poured out of my cock like golden rain all over their bodies.

"Tony X." continues to pursue his favorite hobby in Boston and seldom fails to score some very hot items at tag sales!

REAR-ENTRY SEX

'PUMP MY RUMP!'

I'll never forget the night I spread my cheeks and lost my anal virginity

by Megan L.

I ABSOLUTELY GO completely berserk when I get my ass plumbed. To me, there is no finer sensation in all the world than having a big, hard dick up my ass and three or four fingers up my cunt at the same time.

I first discovered this fact when, as a horny 19-year-old college coed, on a hot date with the campus stud, I was on the rag and horny as hell. His long cock expanded down the leg of his pants and I hungered for it.

Ingenuity reared its head and prompted me to ask him if he thought I had a nice ass. When he said I did, I asked him if he wanted it. To my delight, he said he did, and within seconds, I was spreading my cheeks and losing my anal virginity.

To this day, I am grateful for that twist of events. I get all creamy and gooey just thinking about getting my tight little ass reamed by a horny stud. And I've even found a few guys who will probe me with their tongue, as well as their cock. That even gets my cunt churning harder!

My first fiance was every bit as addicted to my pert, high, rounded ass as I am to getting it fucked. His name was Jimmy and he was hung like a stud!

On our first date, we were fucking our brains out and Jimmy wiggled a finger up my ass. That sent my reactions into high gear. I was writhing and bucking and shaking and shrieking in total, consummate arousal. And that reaction made Jimmy finger my tightly puckered little asshole all the more hard, fast and deep.

Seeing my reaction to getting my asshole fingered, as soon as we both came, Jimmy turned me over and with his cock coated in my creamy cum, he spread my ass cheeks apart and banged my back door for all he was worth. My cunt was so aroused that my labia were still gaping wide open. With every thrust his stiff dick made up my ass, his big, heavy balls plopped right into my cunt!

I was so hot that I begged him to keep probing my ass. His flaccid cock swelled back up and he plowed that tight little hole until the fucking earth moved and I lapsed into frenzied orgasmic convulsions, shrieking and cumming so hard I finally fell limp to the bed and passed right out.

Jimmy left me about a year later. He found a gal with a tighter asshole than mine.

I'm an exceptionally tall woman, standing nearly six feet tall. I have a lean and trim body which measures 33-23-34. At age 36, I look ten years younger. My body is still fit and trim and I draw admiring stares wherever I go.

One night after Jimmy left me, I went to a club. Several guys asked me to dance, and some even tried putting the moves on me. None of them interested me much, though, except this one guy. He was only about 5'4", had long blond hair brushed straight back which hung well past his shoulders. He had gorgeous blue eyes and a really cute smile.

Finally, he asked me to dance and I clutched him close, pulling his face firmly to my breasts. Our hips locked and my thigh felt a swelling in his crotch that would have put Jimmy to shame. This short little sucker was half cock!

Through my dress, he nibbled my breasts. And as we left, he kept one hand firmly planted on my ass. We must have looked rather funny, me in my heels towering over him. But I didn't care how we looked to other people. I only cared about how that cock would feel buried up my ass.

When we got to my house, I undressed him. Then, he undressed me. I couldn't take my eyes off that long, thick, hard cock of his. It was swollen fully erect and stood straight out in front of him. It kept poking me in the

thighs as he pulled my clothes off of me.

Rather than kiss me and fondle me as most guys start out, he told me to bend over and touch toes. He knelt behind me and licked my creamy pussy. He sank two fingers inside my hot cunt and began nibbling on my firm, trim ass cheeks.

His nibbling mouth slowly crept closer to my tightly puckered, elastic asshole. Then I felt his tongue flicking around my hole, sending erotic waves cascading throughout my body. My soft, impassioned moaning turned into a frenzied squealing. I wanted to leave no doubt in his nasty little mind that I thoroughly enjoyed getting my ass reamed, with a finger, tongue or dick, it made no difference to me.

His hands held my cheeks widely apart and his tongue travelled up and down my crack, once again settling in on my puckered hole. I was hot and horny as hell and his plunging fingers plumbed my cunt thoroughly, turning me into a wet, gooey mess. Then his tongue struck pay dirt again and I shrieked, thrusting my ass back harder against his face. His tongue penetrated my hole and I shivered with the erotic chills racing up and down my spine. Tiny goose bumps raced over my skin from head to toe. And I gasped, drenching his hand in my freely flowing cum. My body shook violently with the overpowering passion which was sweeping my body. Over and over, my spasming pussy rained my fine misty spray onto his hand.

Finally, when my orgasm subsided, he stood behind me and probed my cunt from the rear, getting his cock all wet and gooey. Then his fingers scooped my cum from my cunt to my ass. His slick fingers probed me hard and deeply, lubricating my butt

'Just finger it first!' I pleaded, scared to have my anus fucked.

for his cock.

My moaning had started again. My entire body was tingling. My nipples stood a good quarter-inch erect. My body trembled and I gasped as his cum-soaked finger probed my butt deeply, making my rear end as gooey and creamy as my cunt.

His hands spread my cheeks widely apart and I felt that huge cockhead, feeling as big as a fist, banging at my back door. He gave a gentle thrust and that swollen cockhead penetrated me.

I gasped, feeling stretched apart, totally helpless and hot as hell.

Slowly and gently, he eased more of his long, thick cock inside me. His cock must have measured two inches across. It was stretching me as far as I could possibly stretch. My elastic asshole would not stretch another cunt hair wider.

Easily, he kept slipping his dick up my ass. Finally, I felt his kinky pubic hair tickling my cheeks. Bent over deeply at the waist, my legs spread widely apart, bracing myself with my hands on the floor in front of me, I took a deep breath and braced for that hot and horny anal onslaught.

That well-hung little sucker began easing his cock slowly in and out of my ass. I was gasping and grunting, feeling my arousal soar. Gradually, he picked up speed. His well-lubed cock slid easily in and out of my cum-lubricated ass. The friction must have been awesome, though, for such an enormous cock in such a tight hole.

The guy's balls felt like grapefruit banging against my soggy cunt when he buried his cock inside me. The rapid, continual bombardment of my cunt by his huge balls made my juices churn wildly. Over and over again, his cock slid hard and fast in and out of my ass, his balls slapping hard against my hot pussy.

My frenzied squeals and shrieks echoed off the walls and at virtually the same time, we came. His hot spunk flew deep inside me, far up my ass. And my hot flow of cum ran down the insides of my thighs like swift moving little mountains streams.

I finally collapsed, nearly crying after feeling his magnificent cock shrivel up and plop right out of my ass. I was panting, trying to regain my composure, totally spent from an intense, overpowering orgasm. My ass felt terrific, thoroughly plumbed and tingling like crazy.

That guy disappeared after that night. I suspect he was married and just out catting around. I didn't care, though. He did give me one hell of an anal reaming, and that's all I was after anyway.

My second fiancee, David, was a very scholarly looking, quiet, almost shy kind of guy. He was the same height as me and very trim and fit. David also had a long, thick cock. And David also had a real thing for my ass.

I let David think he was initiating me into anal sex. He very gently and soothingly told me it wouldn't hurt and would actually feel great. He got out a tube of petroleum jelly and thoroughly greased my ass. Then he squirted some in his hand and stroked his cock until it glistened.

He produced a long and slender dildo, actually a butt plug, and probed me deeply with

it, getting my butt ready for his cock. I oohed and aahed, moaned and squirmed my hips in arousal, letting him think this was an all new and exciting sensation for me.

He slipped two fingers in my cunt and held his swollen cockhead at my back door. With a grunt from both of us, he penetrated me with his cock. David was the consummate gentle lover. It took for-fucking-ever for him to get his cock all the way buried up my butt.

Then, slowly, he began pumping my ass. He pulled his long, thick cock out until only that swollen cockhead remained inside me, then thrust it all the way back in until his pubic hair was plastered against my ass.

Gradually, David increased the tempo of his rhythmic thrusting. Soon, he was jamming his cock rapidly in and out of me, his fingers jamming in and out of my cunt with the same rhythmic force.

I was squealing and gasping and came once very quickly. Having my ass and cunt plumbed at the same time is my idea of heaven! David kept right on pumping until he came, shooting cum-rockets deeply inside me. I was right on the verge of cumming again and panted breathily, "Don't stop!" Those horny words that can make any man keep right on pumping his ass off kept David thrusting his wilting bone hard and fast in and out of my ass. Before it shriveled up entirely, though, I came again, drenching his probing fingers and hand, even spewing my hot cum onto his balls.

For nearly a year, I think David banged my butt nightly. I never complained, of course. The man was the most anally-crazed man I had ever encountered.

And given my prediliction for butt fucking, I probably would have never willingly let him go. But he fell in lust with a tiny blonde who stood a full foot shorter than him and had one of the most delicious asses I have ever laid my eyes on. She was indeed an ass man's wet dream come to life.

Plus, at virtually the same time, I met a tall, dark and handsome man from Greece. Imagine, me meeting a man from Greece! His cock was every bit as long, thick and hard as David's and he went absolutely berserk over my ass, saying it was the most beautiful ass he had ever seen. I just prayed he'd never see the little babe David found!

To this day, Nick (the Greek) and I are still living together. And I am still getting my pert little ass plumbed nightly. God love the Greeks! I know I sure do!

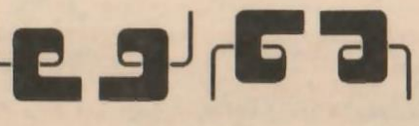
Megan L. is a housewife in Phoenix, AZ. She says her vivid imagination supplies her with hot stories like this one!

A STEWARDESS'S FANTASY:

SEX AT 30,000 FEET

A randy stewardess shares her in-flight fantasies.

by Dina M.



Captain Meese kissed me on my nipple and rolled over to the edge of the bed. "Time to go," he said. I reached over and grabbed his cock underneath the sheets. It was semi-erect—Captain Meese never had a problem getting it up, even when he'd just come inside me.

"Can't we do it one more time, Captain?" His cock was getting larger. He turned around and looked at me, the beginnings of a smile on his face. Soon his cock was fully erect and his hairy chest was pressed against my breasts. I love the feeling of his huge frame against my sensitive breasts. It gets me so hot.

You're the best," he said, as his cock slid along my thigh "the best stewardess in the whole airline." The tip of his cock parted my cunt lips and eased into me. I shook with delight and wrapped my arms around him. Soon half his cock was inside me and I began to moan.

My moans became uncontrollable. I hugged him against me and slid my pussy all the way down on his cock. I shivered as I felt his tight balls against my crotch. "Oh yes," I cried, "like that, oh do it again..." Captain Meese re-inserted his cock into me.

I rubbed my soft hands across his wide back and whimpered. His cock was taking me to heights of pleasure. I wanted him to stay in me forever but I wanted to feel him come in me, his hard penis pumping hot cream into me. "Oh, come baby, come right now!" I wanted to feel him erupt with pleasure in me so bad.

And then he pulled his cock out of my wet pussy and moaned with ecstasy. Just as his cock went back in me, I could see the first spurt of come. I closed my eyes and sucked on my lip. Oh! his come felt so hot in me. I shivered with orgasm as Captain Meese ejaculated in my cunt. I nearly passed out with ecstasy.

Not more than an hour later, Captain Meese and I climbed aboard the 747 bound for Dallas.I could still feel drops of his come on the underside of my thighs. I just couldn't get my mind off his lovely penis. "See you soon," he said as he turned into the cockpit. I love that word, Cockpit.

"Excuse me, Miss", a passenger's voice said. I turned around and looked at him. I almost screamed in shock at first. He was at least seven feet tall, so tall that he had to bend over just to walk up the aisle. He had a handsome, well-chiseled face. I couldn't help giving him the once-over as I led him to his seat. Obviously he was sitting in First Class because there was no way he could have fit into the seats in back. I imagined that his cock had to be at least ten inches, maybe more. I swiveled my ass back and forth as I walked away from him. When I came back to ask him what he wanted to drink he touched my wrist and I shivered with pleasure. I was beginning to wish that we were alone on the plane. If we were I would have begun fucking him right then and there. I didn't have any panties on and I was sure he knew. The look in his eyes told me he could smell the hot scent of my sex.

After the boring emergency instructions, the other stewardesses and I rolled out the trays and served the passengers. I was especially helpful with my favorite passenger. the one with the big hands and the tall body.

When I finished serving everyone, I quickly scampered off to the bathroom.

I was so horny, I couldn't wait to land in Dallas and check into a hotel with Captain Meese. I squatted down on the toilet. First I crossed my legs and lit a cigarette.

I bounced my leg up and down. I thought of my tall passenger friend. I imagined that instead of a regular airline, this was the lustline where the good-looking studs go to make a stewardess high in the sky.

I put out the cigarette and began rubbing my pussy lips. I imagined that the tall passenger called me over and requested that I sit on his lap. As I eased my pantyless crotch over his lap. he reached up and unzipped my flight uniform. My nipples were very erect for him and he moaned as he tweaked each one. Yes, he said, your nipples are nice and erect for me, aren't they?

I sighed. I moaned. I could feel a huge bulge under his pants with my naked pussy. Oh yes, sir, I replied. Anything for your big cock. From my nipples he brought his hands down to my thighs. As he pushed his hands up to my thighs he also lifted up my short flight dress and revealed my downy pussy.

First he placed a thumb on each lip and rubbed for a while. "Anything" to make you comfortable, I giggled, anything you want, sir." His long fingers did wonderful things to my crotch. Soon he had one finger deeply inserted into my cunt and I was writhing with joy. I looked to the left and noticed that another passenger was fucking a stewerdess right in the seat.

I reached down and unzipped my man's pants as he continued to finger my cunt. His cock was even bigger than I expected. I began stroking it and bringing it just fractions of an inch away from my pussy. His fingers were

'I sat on the sexy passenger's lap and his thick cock slid into my wet, naked pussy!'

still fondling my pussy but when I brought the length of his erection against my pussy lips, he brought his hands away and let me take over.

I gasped with anticipation. I just gazed down at his hardness for a moment, totally enthralled by his cock. Then I lightly raised my pelvis up, leaned forward and lowered my cunt over his cock.

I wanted to take it slow, but my passenger wanted it differently. He put his hands on my shoulders and brought me down

over his stiff, thick prick. I was breathless and then suddenly I was reeling with pleasure. His cock was amazing. I looked at his sexy face and lowered my eyes as he whispered how great my cunt was feeling with his cock lodged deep inside it.

I bobbed up and down, working his cock in me and through me just the way I wanted it. My friend didn't mind, as long as I took all of his hot cock in me, it was all right with him. I raised my pelvis way up and delighted in seeing his saturated cock sticking up towards my raised cunt.

'Shouts of ecstasy resounded all around the plane as the stewardesses pleasured the passengers!'

Suddenly my friend reached over and wrapped his fingers around one of my nipples. I wiggled my body and fell forward, my forehead pressing against his chest. The angle that I ended up in made it possible for him to enter my cunt from behind. I trembled with pleasure as he began fucking me again.

I loved the complete feeling of intimacy as he took me from behind. Shouts of ecstasy resounded all around the plane as my stewerdess partners pleasure our passengers. Then I raised my pelvis again and brought my cunt over his cock again.

He reached down and began massaging my clit as his cock stuck deeply in my pussy. I was going to come very soon. My handsome passenger's cock was just too much for me. He placed his hands over my buttocks and growled with pleasure. Then he thrusted his cock up once and then his come began to flowing into me. I was in ecstasy.

You might say I have a vivid imagination. But my lust flight fantasy always makes me come when I masturbate. I looked at my watch and realized that we would land soon. Captain Messe would be expecting me to behave myself and coureously escort the passengers out of the plane. He doesn't know that I reguarly do naughty things in the plane bathroom.

So I quickly wiped all my love juices that had spilled down my leg and headed out towards the cockpit. The Captain and I bid the passengers good-bye. My tall, non-smoking friend made eye contact and I winked at him. Oh, I thought, if he only knew.

That night the Captain and I soared to incredible heights of ecstasy. I wanted to suck his cock all night. Sometimes I just get in those moods. I suck and suck and drink down all of his come.

Sometimes I tell him about my flights of fancy. But he still doesn't know that I have fantasy desires for the whole plane of passengers.

His penis was a little limp after coming two times. So I got out my flight bag and reached for some erectile cream, chocolate cream flavored. As I spread it around his cock. I told him how I would love to suck his cock off sometime during a flight. I said that he could put his plane on automatic pilot and sit back and enjoy the feeling of my lips rolling over his cock.

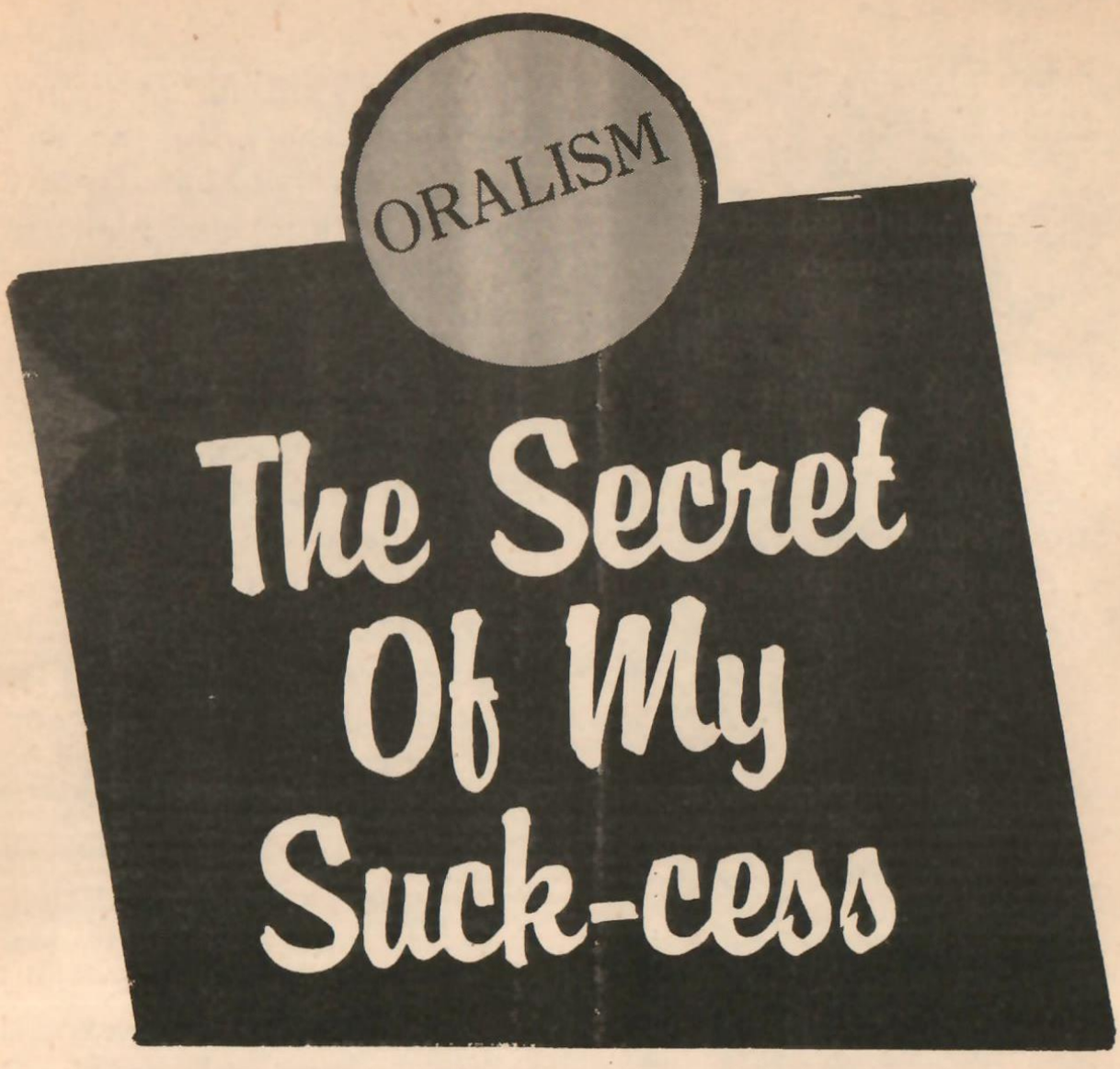
The chocolate sauce was all over his cock and I began to lick it off. In just a few minutes. Captain Messe's cock was good and hard. I told him that he could fuck me anytime on board one of the 747's.

"Oh, honey," the Captain moaned, "your lovely cunt is all that I desire..."

I lowered my mouth over his cock and ate off all the excess chocolate. Then I sucked him with tender loving care. Until he came frantically down my mouth.

Maybe someday I'll tell Captain Messe about my inflight fantasies. Until then, we'll just soar over the clouds of ecstasy together.

Dina M. promises to write again when she finally fulfills her 30,000-foot fantasy!



by Doug Chandler

I learned how to use my tongue!

BACK WHEN I was an eager young stud of 20, I was really into eating pussy. Back then not many guys could say they were really into muff-diving. They might give a cunt a kiss and a lick, if that much, but then they wanted to get on with trying to get their prick up in there.

Well I found out a woman loved to have her pussy kissed, licked and sucked, and if I spent an hour doing it, she would go right out of her mind. She'd have orgasms one after another and she'd be so pleased with me, she

wouldn't refuse me anything.

That made me a big success, having a sure way to win a woman's heart and her full cooperation. It was simply to let her know I wanted to get my head between her legs and kiss, lick and suck her secret treasure. Every woman wanted that, and seldom got it. Husbands believed in fucking, not kissing pussy. She could always find some guy who wanted to fuck her, but finding someone who would make love to her cunt with his mouth, was a different matter.

It was rare that a husband knew anything about foreplay, about getting his wife all worked up by loving up her tits and her twat with his tongue. So wives were always starved for a good long tit-sucking session followed up by an hour or more of pussy eating. Husbands didn't like to do that. Sucking on a tit was for sissies and it wasn't macho to put his face down there on a cunt.

So a hopeful young stud would come along and let a woman know, when her husband wasn't around, that he wanted to fuck her, and wonder why he didn't get very far. What the hell, she had a husband who was always wanting to stick it in her. Why would she want another fast fuck from a young guy.

But my approach wasn't that crude. It was more subtle and very, very successful. For one thing, we could be well into it while the woman was still telling herself it was all quite innocent, a fun way to spend the afternoon while the old man was at work.

I'd be with a married woman, snuggled up to her on the couch and we'd be kissing and fondling each other, while she was telling herself we were merely showing affection for each other. Later, when she learned I dearly wanted to suck on her titties, she didn't see anything wrong with that. God knows she loved having her boobs sucked on and her husband never took the time to do it. And if that was all I wanted to do, why not?

Then after I'd devoured her titties long enough for her to wriggle through three or four orgasms, she'd find out I wanted very much to put my face on her cunt and give it a good going over with my tongue. As worked up as she was by then, it was easy to tell herself there was really no harm in that either. Especially when no one was ever going to know about it. She wasn't cheating on her husband. It wasn't like she was going to let me fuck her. Several of them actually believed that was as far as we were going to go.

But after a woman had several orgasms from me eating her pussy, licking up and down the crack and then flicking my tongue over her clitty-button, she wasn't about to stop there. She wanted it all then. That's when she'd invite me to climb on top of

her and fuck her. It's nice to have a woman's consent to screw her, but most of my fucking was by invitation. Then after we'd spent the afternoon fucking each other silly, our new relationahip was established and I was invited to come back, often.

If I had a thing for eating pussy, I also had a thing for fucking married women. Of course pussy was pussy and I never turned down a single girl's cunt when I could have a shot at it. But my technique seemed to work better on married women. After I had eaten pussy, they were grateful and had a way of making me feel I was appreciated.

I was making it with several women in the neighborhood and they loved it that I was so eager to go down on them. But there was one woman in particular I spent most of my time with. She was my absolute favorite. She was 35, a beautiful woman with a superb body, great tits, lovely legs and a gorgeous ass. I'd had the hots for her for a long time. She was the wife of the local pharmacist and she was my favorite lay.

The way I made it with Rhonda wasn't all that different from the way I got started with the others. It began when I was 19 and school was out for the summer. I had all day to be alone in the house with her, while her husband was at the drug store. At the time, I was fucking two other married women in the neighborhood and I was full of confidence. It had been so easy with both of them and I wondered if it would be as easy with this woman I wanted more than anyone else.

Rhonda and I were sitting together on the couch, chatting. I put my arms around her and began kissing and fondling her. We'd often been loving and affectionate toward each other, when we were alone, and were forever hugging and kissing. Rhonda and I both had warm loving natures and it delighted her immensely that I enjoyed spending the afternoon there, cuddling her in my arms.

"I learned to stroke and massage a woman's titties until she came!"

"You should be out chasing girls, instead of sitting here teasing a woman who's old enough to be your mother, and getting her all hot and excited," she chided.

I assured her I was where I wanted to be and with the woman I wanted to be with, and went on kissing her. She responded with growing enthusiasm and before

long we were behaving in a way that would have been naughty even if she'd been a single girl my own age. But as long as she thought of our actions as being nothing more than innocent fooling around, I didn't have to worry about her calling a halt to them. She didn't even object when I fondled and caressed her full round fleshy tits. She just purred softly like I could just keep doing that forever and she wouldn't mind a little bit.

Then I asked her if she'd let me kiss and lick one of them. She looked at me for a moment, then apparently decided that wasn't too much for a young admirer to ask of the woman he admired. She opened up the front of her blouse, lifted out one of her beautiful full round mounds of tittie flesh and held it, offering it to me. I kissed and licked it all over, causing her to wriggle around on the couch like she had an itch someplace. I slipped the stiffened nipple into my mouth and began sucking on it. It wasn't long until I felt her stiffen in my arms. She let out a little cry, and her body wouldn't stay still. She had an orgasm.

"I learned that if I ate a woman to several orgasms, she'd want me to come back again real soon!"

She had three more, before she decided the other tit was being neglected. Removing her blouse and bra, she was then naked from the waist up, with me devouring her succulent boobs. I kissed and licked her warm satiny smooth tittie flesh and sucked on both nipples, causing her to climax three more times. By then I had my hand on her knee. I moved it up along the smooth flesh of her inner thighs to the crotch of her panties. Rhonda didn't voice any objection.

After I gave both her legs a good feel, while I continued to devour her boobs, I asked her if I could plant loving kisses all along her inner thighs. Again she looked at me like she was undecided how far she should allow this naughty escapade to go. But the outcome was never in doubt. She wanted me to kiss and lick her down there as much as I wanted to do it. A smile and a nod of her head told me I could go ahead and do it.

I got onto my knees between her outstreched legs, pressed my lips to a spot just above her knee, then kissed and licked my way to the crotch of her panties. I went back and forth, over and over again, until Rhonda let out a shriek and climaxed.

When she was finally able to

speak, she said in a throaty voice that I could do that even better if her panties weren't in the way. Dragging the fragile garment down from around her hips and ass, she let me take them from there to her ankles and toss them aside.

And there was Rhonda's beautiful naked pussy, right there in front of me. What a delightful sight for a horny guy like me who had longed to see it as much as I did. When I was through staring at it, I pressed my face onto it and gave it a loving kiss. Rhonda let out a little squeal, brought her legs up and draped them over my shoulders. She clutched my head with both hands, her fingers tangling in my hair.

"Oh what a terrible thing we're doing," she gasped. "You must promise never to breathe a word of this to anyone. Heaven help us both if my husband ever finds out about this."

But neither of us were really worried about that possiblity. There was no way Mr. C was ever going to find out what his wife and I were doing together that afternoon.

I began to show her how much I knew about eating pussy and how well I performed between a woman's legs. I had her going wild. I kept a firm hold on both cheeks of her ass while she wriggled around like mad. She was squeezing my head with her thighs and trying to drown me in her pussy juices. I freaked her out when I lapped it all up, proving I loved the taste of her cunt nectar and the pleasing scent of her hotly aroused snatch.

I ate pussy that afternoon until Rhonda didn't know which way was up. I finally got to my feet while she lay sprawled out on the couch, looking like she'd been hit by a truck. I stripped myself naked, then slid her skirt off of her so that she was naked too. I got onto the couch with her, between her legs and lowered myself onto her. She roused herself and gazed up at me, then grabbed hold of my cock and brought the head of it to her cuntal opening.

"Hurry up," she gasped. "Before I change my mind. Before I panic at the idea of you being on top of me, fucking my pussy like crazy!"

If the idea of being fucked by someone other than her husband shook her up at first, she sure got over it as the afternoon progressed. She had me convinced in more ways than one we'd be doing the same thing tomorrow, the day after that, and the day following that.

All afternoon she gave back as good as she got and she told me she didn't see anything wrong with me fucking her, since no one was ever going to know a thing about it. We did everything we could think of and Rhonda was game for anything. Toward the

end of the afternoon I had her on her knees by the couch, her head and shoulders resting on the seat cushions and her ass up in the air, while I fucked her cunt from the back.

We fucked every day that summer. My old man wanted me to look for a job but I didn't want one. I wanted to spend my days fucking Rhonda and that's what I did. Some days it seemed like we started screwing as soon as Mr. C left the house and went to the drug store, then showered and got dressed just before he got back home at night. Rhonda was always busy getting supper on the table when he came in the door. Little did he know that only moments before, I'd given her a goodbye kiss, a pat on the hip, and slipped out the back door.

Our affair lasted for quite a long time, and to this day I think about it. I masturbate to the memories of eating that hot, mature muff quite often. I try and conjure up the fruity, delicious flavor of it again as I beat off, realizing what an inspiration it was to me as a lover. Ever since Rhonda, I worked my tongue magic on twats that turned me on, realizing it was one of the best ways to endear myself to the woman involved. And I love to suck pussy to this day!

Doug Chandler is a self-admitted "cunt connoisseur" who lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

SEX TOYS

CRAZY ABOUT MY CLIMAX MACHINE!

It's the Only Thing That Hits My Non-Stop Pleasure Spot

By Lois Lang

JACK HAD ALWAYS been an incorrigible flirt. But as our sex life turned progressively boring and we fucked more out of obligation than lust, I noticed his flirting taking on a new dimension. I witnessed him beginning to pat a few cute gals and brush against some firm, proud breasts. And I began worrying about the salvation of our marriage.

Little did Jack realize I had a few tricks up my sleeve. I paid a visit to a local porno shop and walked out with a plain brown paper bag full of sexy surprises, grinning evilly at the thoughts of seducing my husband all over again.

One day, Jack was gone from the house nearly all day long. He said he'd be home by five. So, at about 4:30, I undressed and pulled on a sexy pair of sheer nylons which reached mid-thigh, along with a sexy, black lace garter belt. I looked in the full-length mirror in our huge garden bath and smiled at how hot I looked. For 35, I still had a great body. And in that sexy garter belt, I looked sizzling!

Then I tested out a delicious looking curved vibrator. It was shaped like an oversized banana and whirred like a bastard, shaking like a dancin girl in my hand. My pussy began churning my juices as intensely as if I were watching a good hot porno movie. The mere thought of that

buzzing little sucker working me over was enough to turn me on.

I lay on the bed, spread my legs widely apart and held that hot little fake cock against my already juicy pussy, feeling the vibrations shoot throughout my hot cunt. It felt absolutely marvelous and made me even hotter.

My plan was to wait until Jack walked in the front door and then start fucking myself dilerious with my new toy, but the frantic vibrations made me so hot I just had to feel that gorgeous thing inside of me.

My trembling fingers parted my protruding labia and I gently and slowly eased that whirring, shaking fake cock inside of me. It felt soft, but firm and it filled me up completely. It was longer and thicker than any real cock I'd ever seen, but that was the beauty of it. It was meant to give you the fuck of your life!

I eased more and more of it inside me, feeling my cunt rapidly growing hotter and wetter. And I became oblivious to everything else in the world except the thundering sensations that fantastic vibrator was producing in my cunt.

I was moaning and gasping uncontrollably, feeling that luscious toy fill me up, spread me widely apart and shake me to the bone. My passion mounted rapidly as I began stroking that gorgeous buzzing dildo in and out of me, gradually picking up speed. Within minutes, I was jamming it far in and out of me in a heated frenzy, my moaning and gasping echoing off the bedroom walls.

The strangely curved shape of that delicious toy massaged the well-hidden, secret passion spot deep inside me. It was the first time I'd felt it, but I knew instantly what it was. I'd seen enough orgasm books to know that I had finally hit my G-spot. The Grafenberg spot, that fabled magic button tucked away somewhere between the cervix and bladder, the producer of the ultimate orgasm, discovered by few women, now being buzzed mercilessly by my fantastic new toy.

I raised one leg, feeling that glorious vibrator shake my insides. My tingling nipples had stiffened to nearly half an inch and erotic waves were shooting throughout my body. My luscious toy had turned my entire body into a giant cunt, focused solely on total satisfaction. There was nothing else in the world at that particular time, just me and my vibrator and my hot cunt.

I held that whirring wonder still, its tip pressed against my magical G-spot, thoroughly massaging it and sending hot thrills pulsing over my body. I began cumming uncontrollably, gushing my juices all over that fake cock. My body shook forcefully and I was cumming far

more intensely than I ever remembered cumming in all my life!

I was totally swept away in the most intense experience imaginable. I was totally consumed by my orgasm. My cunt spasmed wildly and my juices flowed like that wonderful toy had turned on a tap deep inside me. Over and over I came, shrieking wildly, my body thrashing and writhing in absolute ecstasy on the bed.

And just as I felt my orgasm subsiding, that buzzing machine triggered another orgasm. In all my life, I'd had back-to-back orgasms twice, and both times the experience left me weak and drained, almost to the point of passing out! And here I was, not saving my passion for Jack, but cumming like crazy, totally lost to my passion, wanting more and more, feeling hotter than I'd ever felt in my life!

I had entered another dimension. My cunt was a soggy mess. Every inch of my body ingled and the scent of my hot pussy was overpowering. As my second orgasm began to ebb, the vibrator was soaked, my thighs were wet, the sheet underneath me was saturated and I felt absolutely drained, unable to move. I was in heaven.

Then I jerked uncontrollably as I felt a hand switching off the vibrator. My eyes opened and there stood Jack, buck naked, his cock standing straight out in front of him, pointing directly at my soggy cunt. He was smiling insanely, muttering nonsensically about the hottest woman on earth.

I was in a stupor. I watched Jack crawl between my legs and hover over me. I felt his stiff cock penetrate me. My cunt was still vibrating and tingling from that incredible toy.

Jack pumped his cock hard and fast in and out of me. My arousal had not ebbed. I was still on fire. And seeing and feeling my horny husband banging me with a renewed vigor sent me right over the edge. My third orgasm in a row!

"It was shaped like a banana and so thick it made my inner pussy pulsate with delight!"

My body strained, every muscle flexed, struggling to cum every bit as hard as the first two incredible times. I screamed from the exertion, feeling Jack's cock shoot spurt after spurt of hot cum deep inside of me. His forceful spurts of cum hit that magical button and I came even more intensely. Only my shoulders and

feet remained on the mattress. My body was lurching and shaking, cum actually spurting out of my over-heated cunt, drenching my husband's crotch.

Our orgasmic vocal reactions shook the bedroom walls and I felt my body riding my waves of orgasm, rockets exploding deep inside me. And that's all I remember.

The next thing I knew, Jack was waking me up. It was dark in the bedroom and Jack was smiling broadly. "It's nearly midnight, you sexy thing! You passed out. You were the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life! A sexual dynamo, fucking with total abandon! You really turned me on, baby!"

"He pulled the vibrator out of me, swiftly replacing it with his hard cock!"

I noticed I was purring like a contented pussy, feeling weak, my insides trembling. Jack crawled between my legs again and fucked my brains out. The horny guy came three times, a new world's record for him. And by the third time, I had recovered enough to cum again myself. And I fell sound asleep, not even aware or caring if he ever rolled off me or not.

Jack let me sleep the next morning. I didn't come to until nearly noon. I struggled out of bed and walked into the kitchen still wearing only my mid-thigh nylons and my sexy garter belt. My pussy still felt hot and juicy.

I poured a cup of coffee and felt my horny husband press up behind me, his stiff cock sticking betwen my legs, rubbing against my still tingling labia. His hands kneaded and massaged my breasts and he nuzzled my neck, nibbling my earlobes, making me crazy with lust.

I spread my legs widely apart and leaned over onto the kitchen countertop, giving Jack a clear shot at my hot pussy. His stiff cock penetrated me and I felt the same sensations as I had felt the previous afternoon. He slid his cock all the way inside me and from that rear end position, I felt the swollen head of his cock press against that magical G-spot!

I was quickly resurrected! His cock caressed that magical button, sending erotic shivers racing over my entire body. Goose bumps raced in a frenzy over my skin and my pussy churned madly, making me moan deep moans of arousal. I gasped each time his driving cock bumped my G-spot. And I couldn't even take a sip of my coffee. I was far too hot.

Right there in our kitchen, my husband was fucking me delirious, his hard cock hitting that wondrous button of another plane of female arousal. And my entire body once again turned into one giant cunt.

As Jack plumbed my hot cunt, I became more and more consumed by my rising passion. I got hotter and wetter with every deep stroke he made inside of me. My voice was bouncing off the kitchen cabinets, filling our ears with my orgasmic moaning, gasping, panting and squealing. I could actually hear Jack's cock sloshing through the intense wetness of my cunt.

Within minutes, my hot body was jerking spasmodically. My cunt was convulsing and shaking and I was cumming my brains out, soaking Jack's crotch. I felt swift-moving rivulets of cum streaming down the insides of my thighs. And I couldn't stop cumming!

My orgasm triggered another and my cunt was once again a sloppy, soggy mess. Over and over again, I felt my pussy quake and felt all the energy I had focused on my intense orgasm. Jack came inside me, shooting his hot cum deep into the nether reaches of my pussy. And weakness once again overcame me and I dropped. to my knees.

Jack picked me up in his arms and carried my limp body back to bed. I felt drugged. I couldn't move if I had to. I was totally spent from sexual exhaustion. Jack lay me on the bed and covered me up. I immediately drifted off to sleep and slept in a near coma until late in the afternoon. I wasn't even sure what day it was when I awoke. I felt weak and limp as a wet dishrag. But I also felt tremendously content, happy and extremely satisfied.

The lust had been restored to our marriage. Jack was waiting on me like a prince. He treated me like a queen. And we balled our brains out at every opportunity.

Now, every time Jack goes any longer than a day without devouring my body, I drag out the mid-thigh nylons, the sexy garter belt and that wondrous banana-shaped vibrator and put on a virtuoso performance for him.

My luscious, hot performances have never failed to drive him absolutely insane with lust. And they've helpd me build up a new sexual endurance. I'm now frequently multi-orgasmic, and I don't pass out every time any more.

For Jack and me, that lusciously curved G-spot vibrator has been pure heaven. That thing is my most prized possession, next to Jack, of course.

Lois Lang is a housewife from Houston, Texas with a vivid imagination and a magnetic writing style.

BIG BREASTS

'TALK TO ME WITH YOUR TITS!'

With 10-pounders like hers, I knew her bra could burst any minute!

by Neal Martens

SHE WAS A royal pain in the ass. All that self-righteous nonsense about the inevitable nuclear winter and the plight of the homeless and hungry while

the country's spending billions on nuclear arms.

I'd gone to the Lone Star Saloon for some serious drinking and some even more serious girl-watching. But this fortyish lady with the big bust and even bigger mouth was running off the crowd.

I could tell she was trying everyone's patience. Social concerns and civil disobedience don't rate real high on the Lone Star Saloon list of priorities. In fact, they probably rate right below saving the whales or the endangered snail darters. The regulars are far more concerned with the supply of beer and the preservation of wild and loose women.

But there was something about her. I really liked the way her massive breasts swayed while she was wildly gesturing. They were humongous suckers. The lady probably hadn't seen her feet in years! For sure! Under her blue cotton blouse, they looked like huge, ripe melons...or bowling balls! I tried to imagine the immense bra that she had to come up with to hold those gorgeous looking things. Every time she got real wound up, I shuddered, expecting a mini explosion as her brassiere finally gave way to the enormity of those jugs inside. I was sure the sound of slapping elastic could easily be heard clear up in Dallas from Houston's Lone Star Saloon. And the big-mouthed lady would topple over on her tits, her pretty face never hitting the floor, her fall cushioned by those huge pillows.

Pretty soon, she was sitting at my table, babbling about civil disobedience being the only method of stopping an all-out nuclear confrontation. I had tuned her words out. I studied her pretty face. She did have a nice smile. There were telltale age lines around her eyes and at the corners of her mouth, visible whenever her mouth closed, which wasn't too damned often. She had a creamy complexion and wide baby blue eyes. And her perfectly straight teeth gleamed through her pretty smile.

And those luscious breasts! Her blouse gaped in front and I occasionally caught glimpses of lily white flesh spilling out of tight white cups.

As I stared at those magnificent breasts, she suddenly stopped talking, put her hands on her hips and indignantly said, "You're not hearing a word I'm saying! All you're doing is ogling my tits!"

I was speechless. The lady had called my bluff. She'd put the ball squarely in my court and was waiting for some type of response.

With my best good ol' boy east Texas drawl, I said, "Yep, they sure are purty thangs,

too."

She blushed. She obviously wasn't expecting such a forthright answer. But she was dealing with an honest-to-goodness down home country guy who wasn't throwing a lot of bull. And they were nice tits. In fact, they were just about the most luscious I'd ever seen. The pretty lady was silent for a moment, obviously planning her next retort. Then, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, she said, "If I let you see my tits, would you then pay attention to what I'm saying?"

Damned if she didn't shock me speechless again! This woman was unpredictable. I like that in women.

In a moment, I replied, "Yep. Ma'am, I would. I'd do damn near anything to play with those tits."

Again she blushed, but this time she rose from her seat and said, "Well, come on then. I'm sure not going to expose myself here."

I jumped to my feet and followed her out to her car. She drove in curious silence for nearly 15 minutes until we pulled into an apartment complex. The whole way, I had been staring at those jugs, watching them move as she steered the car. And watching the denim skirt rise up her legs, exposing quite a bit of pale, creamy thigh.

I followed her to her apartment door, noticing for the first time that she was taller than me. She must have stood 5'9". And after careful study, I guessed her measurements to be in the vicinity of 40-27-38. She was a big-boned, well-curved woman. A mature woman with a mature body. A delectable body.

She closed the door and turned to me, her smile slowly broadening and her pretty eyes twinkling in the dim light of her simple apartment. She silently began unbuttoning her blouse.

As she played with my nipples, I sucked hers!

I stared, salivating as I got a better look at those mounds of creamy soft flesh spilling out of her enormous bra. After shedding her blouse, she bent over deeply at the waist, reached around behind her back and unhitched the three hooks on her bra, pulling the straps off her shoulders and letting her mammouth breasts escape.

They hung suspended for a moment, dangling down toward the floor, showing their enormous size, capped by thick auereolae and

slowly-stiffening nipples. When she straightened up, I reached out and held one in each hand. They were heavy, maybe as much as ten pounds apiece. And they were soft as pillows. Stretch marks creased the soft skin and a criss-crossing roadmap of blue veins lay just under the skin. The light pink aereolae were the size of silver dollars, circled by tiny goose bump mini-nipples. The light pink color gradually darkened until it flowed into dark red nipples, cog-shaped, growing stiffer between my fingers.

I filled my mouth hungrily with her thick, rosy nipple!

"My name's Barbara, by the way." My attention was riveted to those luscious breasts. "My name's Barbara," she repeated.

"Jack," I simply replied, focusing again on Barbara's massive breasts. As I kneaded them like a baker kneads dough and sucked one of her rigid little nipples into my mouth, lightly nibbling it and flicking it with my tongue, Barbara pulled off her denim skirt, kicked off her heels and pulled down her plain white panties. She was moaning softly in ecstasy as my hands kneaded and massaged her breasts and my mouth worked her nipple over.

Her trembling hands unbuttoned my shirt and unhitched and unzipped my jeans. Then she dropped to her knees, taking her tits with her, and pulled off my lizardskin boots and white socks, pulling my jeans and underwear off next.

She rose and we stood facing each other totally naked. Her body looked soft and inviting, showing the spread of middle age, but still remaining the envy of most women half her age. She grabbed me firmly on the cock and pulled me close, kissing me hard on the mouth. Our tongues wrestled in and out of each other's mouth as we each pawed each other hotly, humping our hips hard together.

Barbara was moaning in arousal as my hands reached below her meaty ass and parted her protruding labia. I rubbed the soft folds of her cuntlips as Barbara's long fingers caressed my throbbing shaft up and down.

Still kissing passionately, we slowly eased to our knees. Barbara gently pushed me onto my back and right there on her soft carpet in the middle of the living room,she straddled me, her breasts hanging down, lightly brushing against my chest as she bent over.

I held her pussy lips apart and

she placed herself on my stiff cock, easing her body down until our pubic hairs entwined. Her cunt was hot and wet and I touched her engorged little labia as she squealed delightedly.

She leaned over further and dangled one of her breasts over my hungry mouth. I swallowed as much as I could and sucked and licked her nipple to at least a half-inch erection.

Barbara was moaning louder and louder with excitement, occasionally gasping and panting. She was one horny woman. Her slightly meaty hips rose and fell on my throbbing cock with gradually increasing fervor.

I grabbed one shaking tit with one hand and the other breast with the other, feeling both her magnificent breasts shake wildly as her hips thrust up and down on my cock. Barbara's hands ran over my chest and played with my chest hair and nipples. It was a tingling, excited feeling.

Over and over again, her hips rose and fell on mine, her pussy growing hotter and wetter by the second. Her high-pitched moans grew louder and she was panting hard, her breasts expanding to my touch. And in a few minutes, her entire body trembled, then held completely rigid. I felt her pussy walls spasming and her hot juices raining all over my crotch.

For at least a full minute, her tongue washed all around my cock, her pussy wildly spasming. Then, slowly, her flow of cum ebbed, her frantic breathing relaxed and her delectable body relaxed.

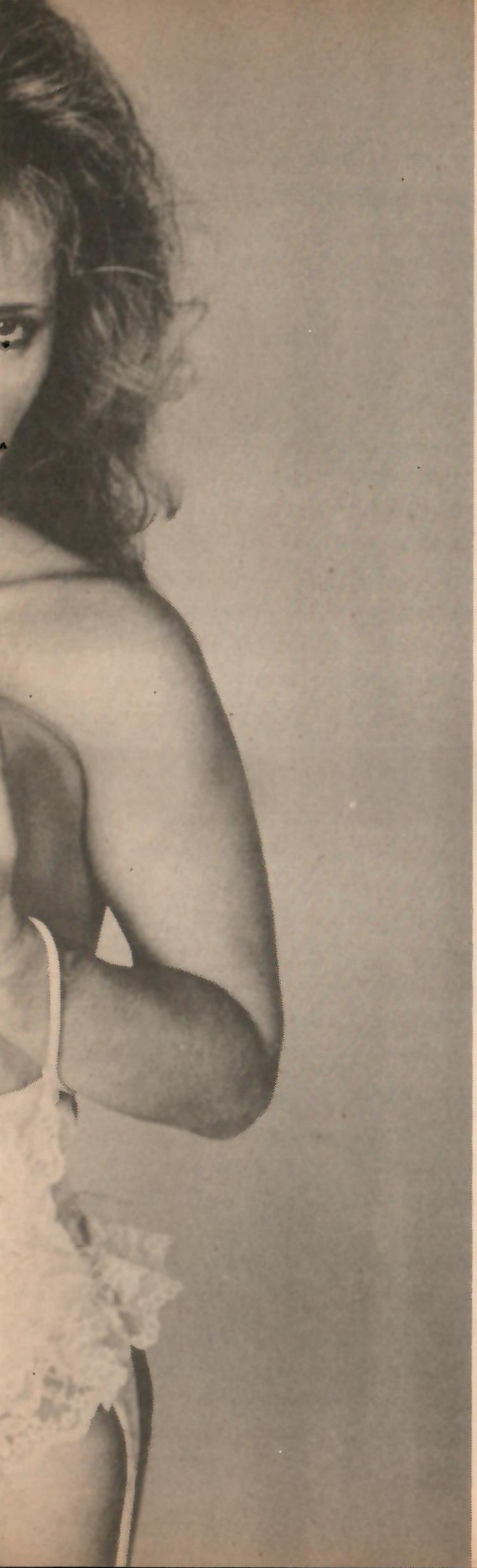
There are few things in this world half as beautiful as a woman who has just cum. Her face was an erotic masterpiece. Her smile was the content, satisfied kind of smile, a beautiful smile. She looked absolutely serene.

That look drives me wild! I flipped her over onto her back and rolled on top of her, my cock staying in the saddle. My body seemed to melt into hers. Her body felt so soft and inviting, like a pillow.

I fondled a nipple with one hand and fondled a breast with my other hand and drove my cock deep inside of her. Over and over I drove my cock hard and fast in and out of her very wet pussy.

She was moaning in pleasure, seeming to once again grow more passionate with each stroke I made. I heard the skin-on-skin sounds as my hips slid into hers. I heard the wonderful sound of sex as my cock actually made sloshing noises as it drove through her intense wetness. And the scent of female orgasm filled my nostrils.

Barbara bent her knees and then wrapped her legs around my waist. We were frantically



humping for several minutes. Her talented vaginal muscles were working me off like tiny fingers.

Finally, I could hold back no longer. With a grunt, I filled her honeypot with my spurting cum, shooting it far inside her as her pussy muscles milked me dry.

Finally, I rolled off her and in a few minutes, Barbara asked, "Well, will you be at the nuclear demonstration next week?"

Oh yeah. The deal. My trade-off for playing with those magnificent tits. "Will you be there?" I asked.

Barbara smiled sweetly. "Of course," she replied in a soft, very feminine voice, sounding satisfied and content.

I sighed. "Well, hell, I'd follow those tits anywhere. I'll be there."

Barbara rolled on top of me, kissed me passionately, wriggled her pussy around my cock and fucked my damn brains out again. It was her victory fuck. And it was further incentive for me to show up at the demonstration.

I've now been to 14 anti-nuclear demonstrations. Barbara keeps making it worth my time. And I'll probably protest nuclear arms until the day I die. As long as Barbara is involved.

Neal Martens is the pen name of convenience store manager from Blowing Rock, North Carolina. When he's not checking out groceries, he's checking out tits.

A group of couples go camping to hike, swim, fish and swap partners!

RAUNCHY OUTDOOR HUMPING

THERE'S A GROUP of us, eight couples in all, who enjoy hiking, fishing and swimming. We're all friends, and in our thirties and forties. None of us are what you'd call wealthy. So, each couple pitched in to buy a wooded acre of wilderness on a

beautiful natural lake.

Sex just sort of worked into our relationship gradually. None of us had planned it that way. But no one made any protests when different husbands and wives began to pair off. I knew they were fucking just like I was, but we all kept quiet about our frolics. Even Mike and I never actually admitted to each other what we were doing. The closest we came was to joke—lightly—about couples pairing off and what might be going on.

A few months later, Gabe and Neva got divorced. Gabe was forty-five. The following weekend, he brought Pam, a twenty-year-old, along as his companion. The women cattily whispered that she was far too young for Gabe, for our group. The men all leered, secretly envious, I'm sure.

I admired Pam. There was nothing hypocritical about her. It was us who were phony. Authentic, Pam dressed sexy, talked sexy and acted sexy. I had the feeling that she didn't care one whit that we knew she was there to fuck dear old Gabe, a man more than twice her age. Privately, I hoped she'd fit into our sneaky life style without ruffling too many feathers.

I went for a swim with Doug. He's five years younger than me and has a nice nine-inch cock, which is two inches more than my husband has. Insistently, it poked me as we played in the water.

From behind, Doug's arms circled me and his hands cupped my breasts as he hissed in my ear, "Look at that! Your old man didn't lose any time, He's giving young Pam a warm welcome."

I looked toward the beach to see Pam plant her foot on top of a fallen log.Even from where I was, I could clearly detect a wet stain in the crotch of her cut-offs. As Doug and I watched, my husband yanked the cloth aside and I got a glimpse of a honey-pink snatch before Mike's fingers drove up into it.

I was shocked to feel an unexpected thrill shoot through me. Am I so twisted that I enjoy watching my husband with another woman? I wondered and cringed back against Doug in the hopes that Mike woudn't catch me spying on him.

Apparently, my husband had no idea we were in the water. He frigged Pam's young cunt like mad. Pam leaned forward and stuck her tongue in my husband's mouth. They kissed with naked hunger.

After a minute, Mike took his erect cock out. Still standing, he inserted it in that pink pussy. My husband began to fuck Pam. All hot, I whimpered. Pam began to bounce up and down on my husband's cock.

Doug was breathing heavy. "Look at them fuck!" he whispered hotly in my ear. I was buoyant in the water. Without

warning, Doug lifted me and setted me down over his upthrust shaft.

I'd never fucked in water. I'd never watched my husband fuck before either. Both new experiences combined to make the most exciting sensations explode inside me. I came.

I didn't even have to move, because Doug was easily bobbing me up and down his rod. It would have been a luscious fuck, even without the added stimulus of spying on Pam and Mike.

Doug must have been as aroused by peeping as I was. He husked, "Look at Mike make that innocent pussy sizzle! I prefer experienced women!" Doug drove up into my wet cunt with such force that his pendulous balls flapped against my bottom.

I broke his bubble. "She is experienced pussy!" I'd imagined my husband fucking various women in our group—women his own age, which had done nothing to arouse me. Now, seeing him in action, with Pam, who was half his age, was a combination that drove me wild. Afraid of discovery, I clapped a hand over my mouth, smothering my cry, and creamed on Doug's big dick again.

When Doug realized I was having an orgasm, he thrust me down hard on his rod and shot hot sperm up my channel.

My husband's cheeks squeezed tight and he strained upward, pushing his cock deep inside the horny girl. I knew the signs. Mike's cannon was firing balls of hot semen into Pam.

Doug kissed my neck and lifted me off his cock. Strings off white sperm floated to the surface. Neither of us could keep our eyes turned from the couple on the beach.

Mike knelt in the grass. He sat back on his heels, pulled Pam down, and pressed her mouth into his crotch. His lips moved as she said something to Pam, we couldn't hear what.

"My husband's fingers dove into her honey-pink snatch."

Butt in air, the horny thing began to lick my husband's cock.

After a moment, Mike cupped his genitals and raised them, speaking again. Immediately, Pam's tongue transferred lower, to Mike's nuts, which he loves to have licked and sucked.

I was growing terribly horny again. I gazed at Doug. "Her cunt is full of my husband's cum. Oh, Doug, it's awful of me, but—but I wish I could eat it

right out of her."

Doug reacted instantly. Before I knew what was happening, he was dragging me to shore. His dick pointed straight up at the sky. Before they knew we were around, we dropped down on the grass beside my over-sexed husband, who had closed his eyes and laid back to enjoy the ball game.

Pam was a practiced ball handler. Her tongue snaked around them, rolling them in her mouth.When she spotted us, Pam

"Doug lifted me up and settled me down on his upthrust rod."

winked at me, continuting to tongue and suck my husband's nut sacs. I wasn't sure if she knew I was Mike's wife or not, but I was glad she wasn't put off my sudden appearance.

Never had I touched another woman. Yet I wanted to so bad. Doug must have sensed how I felt, for he took my hand and firmly pressed it between Pam's sticky thighs.

Pam cooed and wiggled her cute bottom, inviting me to play. I crawled behind her and took my first taste of another woman's cunt—creamed with my husband's sperm. It was delicious!

Meanwhile, Doug's hands began to stroke and tweak Pam's titties. They were small and hard looking, and Doug was behind me, shoving his shaft up my cooze.

I nearly flaked out. Eating juicy pussy with gusto, I fucked Doug like a wild woman. In seconds, we both came.

Without a word, Doug and I sneaked away, without my husband knowing we had been there. Once in the brush, we paused, holding hands, and looked back. We heard Mike growl like a real nut. His body stiffened. At that instant, I knew my husband was filling Pam's hot little mouth with semen.

I whispered to Doug. "When Pam comes back to camp, I'm going to go to her tent and kiss the hell out of her!"

Later, I asked Pam to take a walk with me. I backed her up against a tree and kissed her, tasting the residue of my husband's cum in her mouth.

"Lick my pussy. Make me cum," Pam begged, her voice not much more than a moan. I was glad she'd asked me and I hadn't had to find the courage to ask her. Doug was keeping watch. He would come out when things got hot between Pam and me.

Sure enough, when I had my

head between Pam's legs licking long strokes on her pussy, I felt Doug's hand, raised my butt and his cock plunged into me from behind. My pussy was so hot that it swallowed all nine inches of Doug's cock on the first thrust.

The rod rode me hard. I slurped pussy wildly, swallowing juices and tongue-fucking hot hole. The stiff bar worked my cunt into a froth. Never before had I been fucked so wildly.

"Go at that pussy," Doug cried, and began spraying cock slime on my cunt walls.

I felt the first strong tug at my clit and then, I was cumming like there was no tomorrow.

Pam was squealing and bouncing all over the place. Her pussy gushed a river of delicious cum for me to eat.

To my everlasting surprise, Doug wasn't finished with us yet. He said he never had, but always wanted to fuck two women at the same time.

I thought that with one cock, no matter how mighty, Doug was about to rip off more than he could screw. I winked at Pam. She giggled.

Undaunted, Doug switched us around until Pam was on her belly in the grass and I was lying face down on top of her. Doug positioned himself between our legs, wearing nothing but his birthday suit.

First, my lover dicked the hot-holed Pam. I was thrilled to my toes. With Doug's every plunge into her, Pam lurched forward on the grass. It was almost like I was feeling Doug screw Pam. My cunt oozed a river of lubricant.

Suddenly the lunges stopped. I felt Doug's cockhead press between my passion-swollen cunt lips. Coming straight from Pam's box, it felt hot and wet and twice as exciting. With a grunt, Doug drove his spear into my body. We fucked wildly, all three of us panting and whispering naughty encouragements to each other.

Finally, Pam cried, "Fuck me again!"

Doug's prick left me. Disappointed because I had been so close to cumming, I laid on top of Pam and felt the familiar lurches begin. I couldn't begrudge her. I knew how good Doug's lust-hardened cock felt. I began to rub my cunt against Pam's sensuous thighs trying to get myself of her flesh.

To soon, too soon," Doug hissed. He gave a mighty moan and stiffened.

"Damn!" I cried. I wanted to get off. Doug was the only man available and he was spurting another hot charge up Pam's pussy. What could I do?

The minute Doug was done shooting his pap into Pam, I rolled off her. I scrambled down between her legs and used my hands to lift her rear up in the air. If I couldn't have his semen in my cunt, I'd take it in my stomach.

I licked Doug's copious discharge out of Pam's cunt. I slurped and sucked and gobbled, letting a picture form in my mind of how wicked I must look. Me, on my hands and knees, behind another woman, licking her pussy clean of my lover's semen!

My clit began to tingle again. The image in my mind quickly pressed me closer to orgasm. I buried my face in her cunt. My clit tingled harder and harder. I moaned. The sound became lost inside Pam's cum-filled twat. I had the hots for Pam's pussy.

Before I came, Doug had the hots for me again too. Being a randy repeater, Doug fucked my cunt and rubbed my clit while he continued to watch me run my long tongue deep between Pam's cunt lips searching out his cum.

Pam squealed and writhed and kept crying, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

We took to threesomes like ducks take to water. Within seconds of each other, we climaxed. I was surprised, then pleased that Pam had liked my tonguing enough to have an orgasm.

That night, I slept so hard that I didn't wake until I felt Mike shaking me the next morning.

"Hey, sleeping beauty, it's ten o'clock. You going to sleep the weekend away?"

Feeling great, I stretched like a vixen and grinned up at my husband. Had Pam told him? No. At least I didn't think so, because he was definitely not angry. "Who's the big hard-on for?" I teased.

Mike just grinned. "Get up and find out."

Since Mike didn't say anything, I assumed Pam hadn't either. After lunch, Pam and Mike disappeared, so I went off with Doug alone.

"I was hoping Pam would join us," I told my lover.

"She can't seem to get enough of your old man's dick," Doug said with a little laugh.

A short distance later, I found out Doug was right. Pam was draped face down across a fallen log, and my husband was behind her fucking the blazes out of her.

To my surprise, Doug said, "Let's join them."

"No!" I hung back. "Mike doesn't know..."

"Know what? That you like pussy?"

Ashamed, I nodded.

"Of course he knows. Pam told him all about it this morning. Mike's been so horny and anxious for you to wake up and eat his cum from Pam that the poor guy's had a boner every since."

"So that's who the hard-on was for—me. But...Mike didn't say anything."

Doug chuckled. "You married the strong, silent type, honey."

I gazed at my husband's white butt as he pounded his sausage

into Pam's roll. I loved Mike madly. Knowing that he wanted me to lick and suck Pam between her legs after he'd cum in her, excited me to no end. Willing to be led, I followed Doug to the screwing couple.

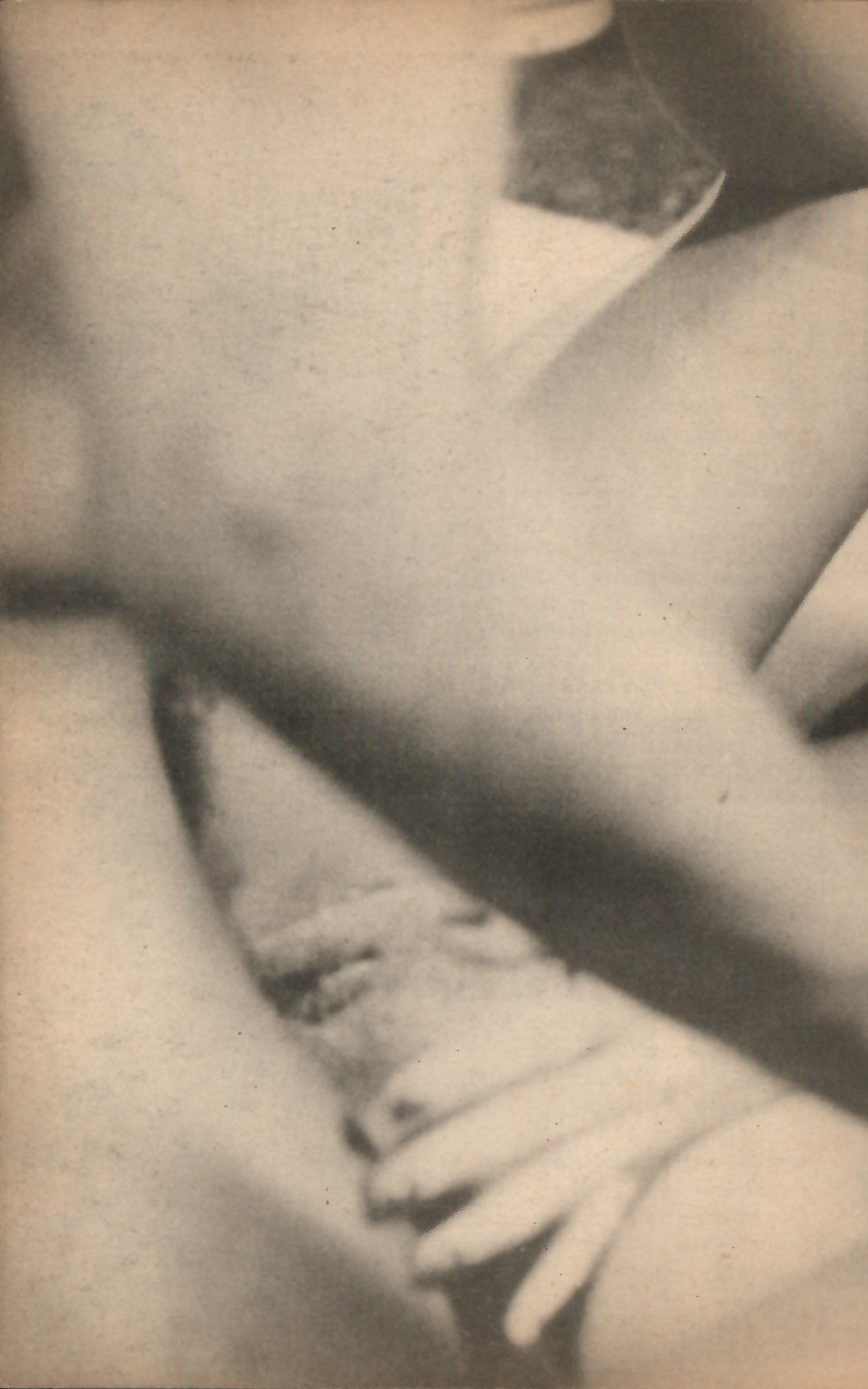
The moment Mike saw me, he bellowed and came. He pulled out of Pam and like a dutiful wife, I dropped to my knees behind her and licked his cum from her young pussy. That got us all four hotter than the hinges of hell.

It was an insatiable weekend. We began working on getting the others loosened up enough to watch and to perform. We intentionally fucked where they could see us if they cared to look. Everyone did—look. And it got them so excited that now they screw each other publicly too.

Now, our weekends are made up of one long, public orgy. We fuck and suck whoever we want in front of anyone who cares to look. None of us ever want to return to secret fucking. I'm no longer ashamed of liking pussy. Pam's is not the only cunt I eat. I have all the others to choose from. And they have mine.

And don't you believe that the men don't love having us 69 for their pleasure!

Loni Devries is a housewife from Des Moines, Iowa. She and her husband really do enjoy camping with other couples!



Homecumming!

I caught my wife getting serviced

if I slipped home early, I'd catch my wife when she was in a mood to be taken up to the bedroom and fucked. Or maybe I'd screw her on the couch. I hadn't humped her on the couch in the living room in a long time and she might appreciate a little variety.

Five years older than my 35-year-old wife, I was old enough for a husband to have more sense than to think his wife is going to be thrilled by him coming home early and surprising her. In that respect I wasn't very smart. And that was what I decided to do as I approached my driveway. Rolling my car slowly and silently up to the garage door, my brakes didn't even squeal when I gently applied them. I was proud of the fact the engine purred smoothly, rather than chatter like a bargain basement sewing machine, as the new cars of some of my friends did.

I got out of the car and didn't slam the door. I eased it shut. I was caught up now in this idea I had of suddenly appearing before my wife when she didn't expect me home for another two hours! I had a vague feeling that what I was doing wasn't sporting. Had I been playing fair, I'd have slammed through the front door, made some more noise and called out in a loud voice like they did in those crappy soap operas, "Honey, I'm home!"

But I didn't do that. I went around the house and quietly entered by the back door, fully intent on surprising my wife. I tip-toed into the living room, half expecting to find her on the couch with her panties on the floor, while she played with her pussy in front of the tube. She was funny that way, like a grown woman with the hots for those soap opera actors.

My wife wasn't in the living room. I was about to search the downstairs for her, when l heard sounds coming from upstairs. There was something strange about those sounds, something sensual, something...famliar. I froze in my tracks and fear struck at my heart. I did in fact recognize them as the unmistakable sounds of sex, drifting down the stairs from the master bedroom.

I trembled, like a husband does when he isn't as absolutely positive as he thought he was about his wife's fidelity. Would she consider doing anything like that? Would she entertain an afternoon guest upstairs in the master bedroom, when there was little chance of her husband coming home and catching her doing it?

I went up the stairs quickly but silently, determined to get to the bottom of things. An appropriate consideration since it was my wife's bottom I was concerned about! When I peeked through

the open door, I had to look a second time, because I didn't believe what I saw the first time. I wasn't at all sure of what I was seeing the second time either. What was taking place on the bed was so far from what I ever expected to see happening in my own bedroom (or anyplace else for that matter) my mind had difficulty taking it in. Besides that, there was too much going on between my wife and her two naked guests for everything to register all at once.

The first thing my mind accepted, even if it didn't approve of it, was my lovely wife lying there with her legs apart. My next surprise was realizing it was Mark from next-door who was between my wife's legs, his long, thick, hard pecker moving back and forth in her welcoming pussy. And from the way my wife's hips and ass were moving around, it was unlikely he had worked hard to get his prick into her secret place, that up to then, I thought was reserved for me and no one else.

I immediately wondered how long this had been going on, between my wife and the guy next door? Was it possible he had been fucking her all along? I thought about all those times I had seen him disappear through the hedge when I arrived home. While he was hastily returning to his very own home on the other side of the hedge, had my wife been up in the bathroom washing his spunk from her cunt? Making herself fresh and clean and innocent for her husband's return?

Maybe what I was experiencing right then was what all husbands faced up to sooner or later, that his wife's pussy was never just for him alone. It was really hers, not his and since it was hers, she could do what she wanted with it, give it to whomever she wanted!

I thought of how Mark

Lori had the biggest, plumpest breasts and these incredible succulent nipples!

remembered my wife's birthday when I didn't, the smart-ass. He was always giving her something; at Christmas, Valentines Day or any day he felt like it. Did my wife let him fuck her, to show her appreciation?

He wasn't lying on top of her exactly, while he was fucking her. His knees were bent and he was kind of squatting with his ass on his heels while his prick moved in and out of her. His body was upright, which enabled my wife's second guest to be in on the

action.

I knew Lori, the 19-year-old redhead from next door. I had no trouble recognizing her, since she was only 5 percent more naked than she usually was. Seeing her now was even more of a turn-on, because Lori was straddling my wife! My wife's head was hidden by Lori's hips. The occasional slurping sounds I heard indicated Lori had her cunt on my wife's mouth. Unless of course the sound came from Mark's prick, pushing and pulling in her wet snatch. It was a homecoming I hadn't expected. Whatever way I planned to surprise my wife, it was nothing compared with the way she had surprised me! As if that was no doubt the last thing she wanted to do.

> My wife had her legs swung up in the air, and Mark from next-door was shoving his prick into her!

The three of them were building up to a fast, passionate climax, a lewd and obscene simultaneous finish. Lori was rolling her ass around, which meant she was rubbing her hot wet cunt all over my wife's face. My wife was swiveling her hips and bouncing her ass like crazy, keeping in harmony with each thrust Mark's prick made into her cunt. Lori let out a squeal as she climaxed and fell back onto the bed, an action that took her cunt away from my wife's mouth

Then my very wanton wife proceeded to let out a squeal as her orgasm swept through her. Mark of course was shooting off his load into my wife's twat and he let out a savage yell as he did so. He fell forward on top of my wife who wrapped her arms about him and covered his face with loving, passionate kisses.

After she'd kissed his face from ear to ear and from forehead to chin, my wife told him what a wonderful lover he was, how his beautiful big hard cock always drove her right out of her mind each time he fucked her. She babbled on about how this past year with him fucking her every chance he got, had been the happiest and most satisfying a woman could ever wish for! Mark chuckled and gave her a playful jab with his cock. My wife let out a joyful shriek.

"Oh I really felt that," she gasped. "God, you're still bone-hard inside me, just like you always are. Take it out now, lover, and get off me so I can get turned over. I guess you know what I want now, don't you? We'll show Lori here something she'll really get a kick out of. She'll love watching you fuck me!"

Before he could pull his cock out though, my wife hugged him tight once more and kissed him again and again until...she saw me watching from the doorway. She looked embarrassed. In fact, she looked as if she couldn't quite grasp what was happening and stared at me.

All she could say was, "Oh...it's you!"

Stunned as I was at what was taking place on the bed, I was even more shocked at how my feelings about it were rapidly changing. Sensations of anger, rage and betrayal somehow became arousal, lust and heated passion as I watched. My prick in my pants was like a bar of steel, coaxing me to strip off my clothes and get in on the fun. To hell with the fact I'd just found out my wife had a young lover who had probably fucked her more than I had in the past year. If I could just get my hands on that gorgeous young redhead, my lips, mouth and tongue on her lovely body. My prick in her mouth, her cunt, all over her body, then all would be forgiven!

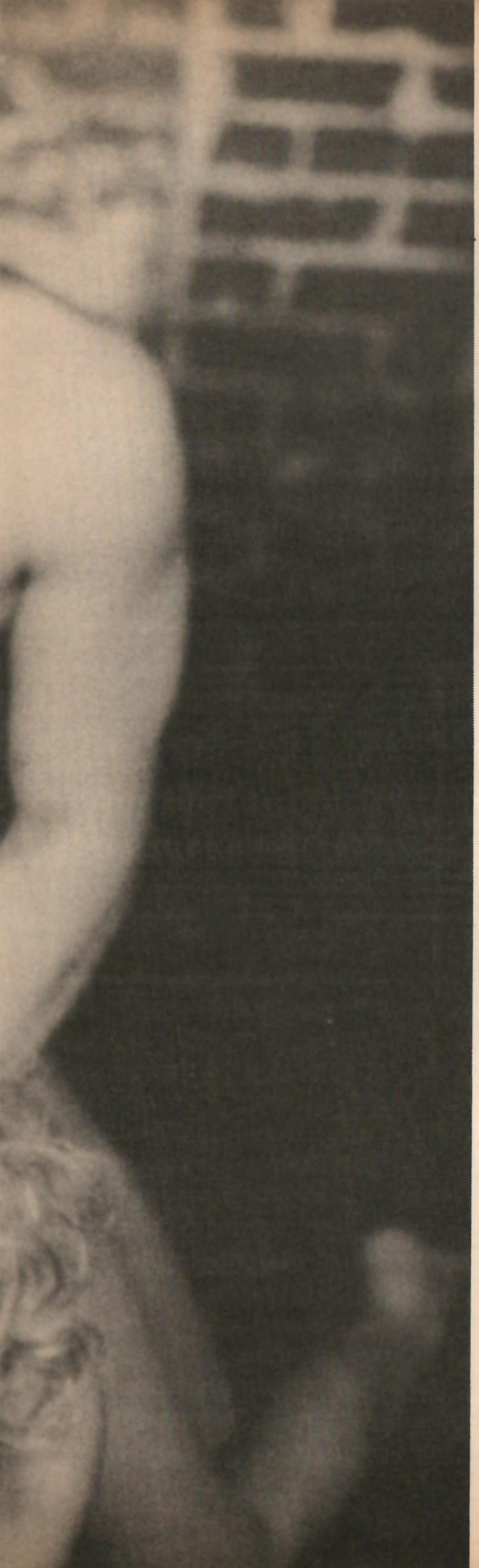
Mark rolled off the bed and got to his feet on the other side, thinking no doubt that he might be in for some harsh words between us. He needed time to think of what he could do to save his ass in a situation in which he had no previous experience!

Time was something he wasn't sure he had any of. All his sex education up to then had been blissfully one-sided. He knew how to approach my wife, talk her into letting him fuck her. He could handle her after when she realized what a good thing she had going with him. He knew how to break away from her when she didn't want him to leave. She had to because her husband would be home at any moment. But he didn't know what to do when he had to face me, because he'd never been caught before. My wife was no better. She didn't know how to handle this awkward situation any better than her young lover did.

She asked me what I was doing home so early. I told her I wanted to surprise her. She told me I did and asked me not to surprise her like that again.

Fortunately for them Lori was there. She wasn't frozen into near immobility of the awful consequences that were possible. She had nothing to fear, because I wasn't after her ass, except maybe in a friendly way! She could think clearly and calmly and she realized then that her ass, not to mention her other delectable parts, could very possibly salvage the situation.

Sweet, adorable Lori came around the bed and moved toward me, her mouth watering boobs jiggling enticingly, her hips swinging provocatively. Her ass undulated with each step she took. She was still wound up and



her nipples were sticking out stiffly as she pressed her tits against my chest.

"I'm glad you're here," she said in a soft voice. "Sharing a cock with another woman is better than nothing. But I'd like to have a man. And have him all to myself."

I was in complete agreement with her. But I was uneasy and unsure of just what to do, with my wife and her young lover staring at me. Lori took care of that, too.

"I don't want an audience," she whispered to me. "Let's you and I go into the guest bedroom."

I wheeled around and escorted the naked girl out of the bedroom. The last I saw of my wife for the next three hours, was her staring at my hands all over Lori. Then as we disappeared from the doorway, I felt exhilerated.

My wife and I have a pretty nice arrangement now. Mark from next-door is fucking the hell out of her. And I'm fucking sweet Lori like I'm trying my best to wear her cunt out. Then for a little variety, my wife and I fuck each other. Now, all this fucking fun would never have occured if I hadn't 'cum' home early that day!

Roger Greenbaum (pseudonym) is an airline pilot for one of the nation's largest carriers. He likes to travel, but he says it's always great to get home!

Fucking The Hot Stud Next Door!

He was hot, horny, and good-looking. And her pussy was steaming wet...

by Amy Morris

SHORTLY AFTER MY husband and I moved into our new home, I discovered the handsome, 21-year-old who lived next door. Kevin was any woman's dream, nearly six feet tall, darkly handsome, strong, lean but muscular and with a warm and affectionate nature. I thought he was just about the sexiest young man on the face of the earth, even if I was thirty-

five and a married woman who shouldn't have been having the lewd and lascivious thoughts I was having about him.

Whenever I got the chance I let him know that I liked him a lot, though I never said so in words and I was careful that no one else would catch on that I had the hots for him. So naturally when he realized how I admired him, he was over here at

my place every chance he got.

He was here one Saturday, which turned out to be a lovely day. It was the first bright, warm sunny day we'd had in a while, so it was no wonder my husband took off to go fishing. He was a real fishing nut and I could count on him not to come back until after dark. I knew I wouldn't be lonely though, because Kevin would stay with me all day, keeping me company while my husband was away.

'When I wanted to get a little on the side, it was always with some guy who didn't know where I lived...'

A lot of good it would do him. I wasn't about to do anything stupid, even if my pussy did itch every time I looked at him. Especially not with a young man who lived right next door. That could be asking for trouble. Throughout the years I'd been married, whenever I got a little on the side, it was with some guy who didn't know where I lived and wouldn't come sniffing around after my pussy, now that he knew how good it was. I didn't give Kevin any encouragement and I wasn't dumb enough to try anything with him.

He was in the kitchen with me and after I looked out the window, I said, "Isn't this a beautiful day? It would be a shame to waste it. I think I'll go out there and lie in the sun."

Kevin asked if he could join me. I looked at him with an affectionate smile and said, "Of course. Go home and get your swim suit on."

He dashed home, put his swim suit on and sneaked back here, without his mother seeing him. My back yard has a high thick hedge all around it, which allows plenty of privacy for sunbathing. Or for anything else, for that matter.

Kevin spread my large beach towel out on the lawn for him and I to lie down on. Then he sprawled out on his half of it, just as I sauntered out of the house in my bathrobe. Grinning at him, I told him I'd just bought a new bikini and it was so brief I really shouldn't have put it on. Then I added, "I'm not sure it's safe in front of you."

Maybe I wasn't kidding. His bone-hard erection was very obvious, the way it was straining to get out of his bathing briefs. It was pushing forward and upward and the material wasn't doing its job of holding it back. He saw me looking at it and that made it stiffen up even more. I was thrilled, knowing I was the one who caused that beautiful erection.

It's hard to say what Kevin expected when I took off my bathrobe, but when I dropped it to the grass, his eyes just about popped out of his head. And small wonder. There was just enough material in the two-piece garment to determine that it was white.

The bottom part curved way up at the hips, so that all it covered was the crack of my ass. I have to admit I looked rather alluring! Those ass cheeks of mine were completely exposed. In front, there was just enough of it to conceal my pussy. The top hid my nipples and nothing more, which is saying a lot. Though I'm not the least bit overweight, I do have a good sized pair of boobs. And they don't sag one damned bit. They stick right out there.

'All the bikini really covered was the crack of my butt and there was just enough in front to conceal my pussy!'

I could see that after Kevin got a good look at me, there was no hope of his cock

ever settling down inside his skimpy swim briefs.

To ease the tension that was building up between us, I strolled across the lawn to inspect my rose bushes at the back of the yard, my almost bare asscheeks undulating, causing Kevin's emotions, no doubt, to heat up even more. Satisfied that my flowers were doing well, I came trotting back, my tits and my ass jiggling.

When I turned my back to him to gaze over at my rose bushes again, that's when he acted on a sudden impulse. He didn't even stop to think about it. He just reached up and yanked my bikini bottom down to my ankles.

I let out a shriek when I found I was even more naked than I had been before. I tried to cover my cunt with my hands and looked all around. Then I realized the high thick hedge protected me from being seen, except by Kevin.

'The next thing he knew, my hand was on his cock as I lowered my pussy onto it!'

I looked at him for a moment like I wanted to kill him, then my hotly aroused emotions got the better of me.

"Very funny," I said. "So you want to play, do you?"

I lunged at him as he sat there and before he could make a move, I grabbed at his swim briefs and pulled it down to his knees. I hardly took time to gaze at his cock, which was an impressive sight, sticking up in the air, thick and solid as a bone. I flung a leg over him and straddled him. The next thing he knew, my hand was on his cock, holding it steady as I brought my pussy up over it, then lowered myself onto it.

He looked up at me like he couldn't

believe it. He was actually feeling his cock inside my warm moist cunt. He was getting laid, actually doing it with me. The woman he wanted so much, was letting him have a piece of ass!

Breathing heavily and every bit as hot and excited as he was, I looked down at him with my eyes dancing.

"You horny young fucker!" I panted. "This is what you've been hanging around me for, isn't it? Admit it!"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Well now you're getting it, my young lover. And after this day is over you'll remember it for a long time, I promise you."

My ass moved up and down, causing his cock to be released to the head, then taken back in to the hilt. He was thrilled out of his mind, watching my hips swaying forward and back, round and round, and the obscene movements I was making on top of him.

He recovered enough to realize there was nothing to stop him from getting his hands on my boobs. He whisked off my halter and flung it aside, then filled both hands with my soft, warm tittie flesh. I braced myself with my hands on his chest as I moved my slippery cunt up and down on his cock.

"My God, you've sure got a wang on you!" I panted.

I could feel the tension in his cock inside my pussy and it was fabulous. He was straining right along with me, to get it in each time as far as it would go. Then I had it all the way in again and my crotch settled firmly onto his groin. I let out a deep sigh,

'I braced myself with my hands on his chest as I moved my slippery cunt up and down on his cock...'

then began to move around on him some more, wriggling my hips faster and faster, making lewd humping motions there on top of him.

I came just as he shot off his load. Shaking above him, my boobs were jiggling like two mounds of Jello. His movements beneath me were a joy to watch, as well as to feel. My head was spinning from the intense sensations of my climax, and the thrill of seeing Kevin in the throes of sexual passion.

And there we were, fucking on my back lawn, a married woman in her mid-thirties, doing it with the young stud next door who was all of 21. It was all too much. Kevin shot off his load a second time and again I climaxed right along with him. I collapsed on top of him, panting and gasping.

'I kept my groin pressed to his. I had his cock in my pussy and I wanted to keep it there...'

After while I raised my head, looked into his eyes and with a little laugh, I said, "My God! I can't believe what we just did. If my husband could see us now, it would blow his mind!"

Yet I did believe it. And from the look on Kevin's face, he wasn't at all sorry that it happened. I made no attempt to get off him, or even let his prick slide out of my cunt. I kept my groin pressed to his like that was the last thing I wanted. Which it was. I had his cock in my pussy and I was going to keep it there. I teased him, speaking softly in his ear.

I could feel his cock inside me growing, stretching, becoming hard again.

"You want more?" I asked. "I sure do, and there's no better time than now, with my husband gone for the day. Would you

like to come into the house with me? Into my bedroom? And spend the whole day in bed with me? If you think you're being a bad boy lying there screwing me, wait'll I get you in bed with me."

When I did, I offered him another tender little morsel. I let him dip into my mouth and ease that thick cock of his into my throat! It was the first time he had ever gotten head he whispered to me. I told him that it certainly would not be the last, as I squeezed my mouth around his meat and felt his cum being pumped down my throat!

Amy Morris is the pen name of a housewife who now makes her home in suburban Philadelphia.

PUBLIC SHAVING PUBLIC SHAVING

SLIT-SHAVING LEZZIES

The Day we Dared to be Bare Down There

by Daisy Daniels

I KNOW THAT I can't speak for all the other ladies out there, but at one time I hated the bald look. I used to watch Kojak and think that Telly Savalas looked silly with his head shaved the way it was. It made me believe that an

absense of hair on any part of the body was disgusting. It's funny then that I should be writing an article about bare bush delights.

I'm a twenty-six-year-old lesbian. I live with another woman by the name of Candy. As the name implies, she's sweet from top to bottom. The last few times that we went down on one another, both of us came up complaining about hairs in our mouth. It's bad enough to wake up in the morning and find hairs in your comb without having to contend with cunt fluff on the tongue.

At first we made a little joke about it all, wondering if everyone went through the same problem. Maybe this was an isolated case and the two of us were merely suffering from muff fluff fallout. I'm not sure whether I originally said it in jest or not, but I casually told Candy," We can resolve this problem once and for all, you know. The simple solution is to shave our snatches."

By the look on her face, you would have thought that I'd asked her to swing naked above the Grand Canyon. "Are you out of your mind?" she shot back at me. "Snatches were supposed to have hair. It's not natural to keep them bare."

"And who are you, the hairy cunt expert?" I shot back. I didn't want to get into an argument with her. "Will you just think about it?" I asked, and left it at that.

That afternoon, I was down at my favorite porno book shop, looking over the latest shipment of books and movies. In the video section, I saw a film by the name of Bald Beaver Brigade. Considering the fact it was a subject that I had just been discussing with Candy, I focused my attention to that.

Sometimes, you can't judge a movie by its title, but if the photo on the cover was any indication, I thought it might provide some interesting inspiration. I bought it on a whim, rushing home with the film. It might be money well spent if it convinced my sweet roommate to see things my way.

As I walked in the door, Candy was sitting there filing her nails. I held up the film. "I've got a hot film for you. Let me put it into the machine and we'll sit back and enjoy it." I didn't tell her anything about the film at all. I'd let the title and the subsequent action speak for itself.

As soon as she saw the title, Candy groaned. "Oh no, are you still on this shaved pussy kick? I can't believe how stubborn you are." I begged her to give it a chance. She agreed, rather than having to sit there and contend with my nagging.

The film was really hot. It showed two women sucking pussy and just as we did, they both complained about cunt hairs on the tongue. The one blonde

mentioned to the other redhead that it might be fun to shave off their muff hair. The blonde lathered up the other girl's snatch fluff and went through the interesting process of making her snatch as bare as a billiard ball.

I half expected Candy to get up and leave the room, but as I glanced toward her I saw that her eyes were riveted to the screen. She barely moved a muscle. It was a positive sign that she hadn't reacted negatively to all this.

As the movie continued, Candy kept squirming around. It was as if the chair beneath her had been electrified. For someone who had seemed so negative about snatch snipping, her reaction was very encouraging. Before the film could end, Candy said breathlessly, "Okay, you've convinced me. You can stop the film now. I want you to shave my pussy. That redhead looks so sexy without any hair on her muff." Candy's voice was actually quivering. I was pretty excited myself, realizing that my panties were so soaking wet, you likely would have been able to wring out the excess moisture.

Candy suggested we do the shaving routine on the toilet seat. Fortunately, we have shave cream in the apartment. That's what I use to shave my legs. Candy was out of her clothing in no time flat. I think she was more excited than I was.

As she sat down on the toilet seat, I saw how slick her pussy lips were. Her juices were trickling from her fuck hole slowly and evenly. I began to lather up her pussy hair. Soon her golden muff hairs disappeared under the mountain of shave cream. "Come on, hurry up," Candy kept urging and was trying to move as quickly as possible.

Candy has a luxurious growth of snatch hair. I'm sure she secretly had to see it go, but she realized how it would add a new dimension for pussy probes. "A woman's hair is her crowning glory," the saying goes—especially when it crowns her cunt, but we wanted to dare to be bare down there!

"Her pink, pouty lips tasted like candy as I licked."

I placed the razor down to Candy's cunt. I intended to take my sweet time. Why rush a good thing I loved being down close to her cunt, so this would give me the perfect opportunity to be down there even longer. I made very miniscule motions with the razor, cutting one-tenth of an inch at time. The entire time that

I gave Candy a cunt cut, her pussy nectars pouring from her hole. I had never seen her hole look quite so juicy, before.

I had to be very careful when I tangled with the hairs at the sides for her love lips. That called for extra special tender loving care. Half an hour passed by very quickly, and soon I found myself halfway finished. Suddenly, Candy asked me to go into the bedroom and get her dildo for her I didn't question that request. I retrieved it and brought it back.

"My panties were sopping wet by the end of the shave flick."

"I have to have something up my steamy slit," she said, "or I'll go crazy."

She rammed the dildo up her pussy while her fingers moved the dildo around her box. "Stop moving so much," I said, "unless you want me to cut you."

Well keep the razor still for a minute," she begged. She pushed my hand away from her cunt. "I have to get off," she gasped. Candy rotated the dildo just like it was a penis up her hole. Her eyes went glassy as she moved that thing in and out of her box. It only took her a couple of minutes before her geyser was erupting.

Gooey cunt secretions spilled all over the dildo. The overflow poured from her pussy, down her cunt lips. Half of it clung to the shaved side, the other half to her hairy side. Candy took the dildo from her hole and fucked off her juices. "Sorry for the interruption," she told me. "I just had to do that."

Now that the masturbation break was over, it was back to the task at hand. I still had another half of her gorgeous snatch to shave. Bit by bit, I progressed, until her quim hole was bare. I washed off the excess shave foam and handed her a mirror so she could get a perfect view of her passion pit.

"I just love it," she said excitedly. I loved it too. I ran my fingers up and down it, fingering her love lips at the same time. "I can't wait for you to go down on me. She took me my the hand and led me into the bedroom. She lay down on the bed, her pussy lips nice and wide. It must have been sort of an optical illusion, but for some reason her pussy lips looked twice as large.

I stuck my head into her crotch and started to lick all around the smooth surface of her skin. There was a tiny bit of razor stubble, but that really didn't matter. I could smell the fire in her hole and the

hot, musky aroma that was oozing from her slit. A girl could get addicted to bare bush, and that's exactly what I think was happening with me.

I normally love to invade her pussy as quickly as possible, but this time I was quite content to tour her outer twat zones. I licked her skin til my tongue was sore. I didn't want to get a cramp before I got to the main course of this meal.

I moved an inch over to her pouty, pink lips. They stuck out quite promently. I licked them clean of any vaginal discharge, then I zeroed in on her cunt. I worked my tongue into her snatch, her body heaving with the intensity of the penetration. My face was pressed fully into her fuck hole. was really different. Usually my chin strikes her abundant growth of cunt fur. Now it rubbed against my plain skin.

While my tongue travelled into her sensitive areas, I made sure my chin moved over the stubble. Candy later told me that it was equally as erotic to have my face on her bare bush. Maybe I had discovered a new erogenous zone, the area below her box.

My hairless honey got the tongue twirl of her life. Her scent got more intense, as did the thrusts from my tongue. My tongue was one giant spoon, and I licked until Candy couldn't take any more. After I settled onto her tender clitoris and nibbled on her apple pit for a minute, Candy was ready to come.

She arched her back and let out a scream that was music to my ears. She began to flow with the ferocity of water that was flooding a river bank. Sweet pussy potion swam onto my tongue as I licked frenziedly to capture it all. I've known Candy for seven years and eaten out her pussy for five of those years. I've never known her to come like that. Subconiously, her shaved slit must have turned her on so much, she had an orgasm to end all orgasms.

When her cunt eruptions had finally subsided, I sat back on my heels. The area around her box was slick with oozing cunt sauce. I reached down and massaged the excess into her skin. Her flesh felt like it was on fire. When Candy had regained her composure, she said it was her turn to return the favor. She wanted to shave my muff too. I was happy to comply. Why not have a double hairless delight?

She spread lots of foam on my snatch and began the exciting task of baring my bush. She moved much quicker than I did. She only took half the time as I did with her. I guess she was in a rush because she was just as anxious to sample my hole as I was hers.

I loved my new shaved look. When I was totally shaved,

Candy took some of her cunt juice and spread it all over my bare zone, giving it a nice glossy sheen. She told me to get down on all fours. She was going to enter cunt from behind. I guess this episode had dared her to be different. Her mouth pressed against my swollen beaver lips and she went to work. While her tongue moved all around my pit, she raised her fingers and ran them along my hairless area.

I can't recall ever coming quite so quickly. My orgasm literally took breath away, and gave Candy more sauce than she could handle. After my snatch had subsided, we lay there together in each other's arms. Guess where our fingers were? Where else?

Having bald pussies is like having a new toy to play with. I'm only sorry that we didn't do this much sooner. It's a scientific fact that cunt hair is going to start growing back sooner or later. It's going to a raunchy riot every time we have to shave one another, and it will certainly lead to other things.

I only hope that other people reading this will get some ideas about snatch shaving. It might be "hair today, gone tomorrow," but once your snatch is bare, it will give you hair raising pleasures for a long time to come!

Daisy Daniels is the pen name of a female fisherman and muff-diver who lives in Maine.

EROTIC PROFESSIONS

HANDSOME, HIGH-CLASS AND HUNG!

Confessions of a Sex Escort

by Larry Palm

I'M WHAT'S referred to in New York's big apple as a "walker". At their beck and call for wherever they choose to go and whatever they choose to do, I escort wealthy women around town. And please —don't confuse me with your average muff-diving-for-dollars gigolo.

Walkers hone themselves to a higher degree than being a male prostitute pandering to hot pussy. I worked like all hell to cultivate a British accent more authentic

than any Brit. My boyhood was spent at a mythical prep school in England, and I was spawned from a mythical dynasty dealing in New England textiles. So naturally, my imaginary parents spend most of their time at our chateau on the French Riviera.

My accent turns rich women on. They love to be amused with rude, outrageous, bitchy gossip. Naturally, I keep informed of the latest tidbits to keep them titillated. I know which Hollywood actress can't go to bed satisfied until she's had a different dick to suck on during the day...another who has to have it in her mouth and muff at the same time...and still another with a room resembling a dungeon for that type of titillating pleasure. And they fairly salivate over an actor who starts his day with cunt and ends it with hot cock.

Lest you think my lascivious ladies are shallow, they aren't. The lovelies in my little black book all have a head on their shoulders, and all are prime pussy. Not a dowdy dowager among them, no matter how big the bucks she can boast about. These are the type your greedy gigolo goes after.

I had just returned from a boring weekend in the Hamptons on Long Island and flipped on my answering machine. The voice I heard was one of my favorites...the divorced wife of a millionaire who gads about on motorcycles and flies hot-air balloons. Olivia maintains those balloons haven't nearly as much hot air as her former spouse. "And that's about all he's got, if you know what I mean," she tells everyone at the drop of a hat.

"Darling, darling, where are you hiding that lovely long dong? her frank voice asked. "I've called dozens of times, and they haven't the foggiest where you could be hiding. Call when you come back to civilization, I'm desperate!"

Her voice definitely had horny overtones in it, and I returned her call immediately. Aside from her gratuities, both the conversation and her cunt were stimulating. And I hadn't had either all weekend. Despite Olivia's gushy, frivolity-front, intellectually she has depth. And so does that deep ditch between her legs I love to let my dick dig into!

She always insists we do things correctly before getting down to the nitty gritty we're both horny for. So we attended a concert at Lincoln Center, then we proceeded on to dinner at a swank restaurant where I embarrassed the wine steward by sending back a fake vintage '52. Once we had finished, her limousine picked us up for the piece de resistance at ther penthouse on Park Avenue...a chance for her pussy and my prick to renew acquaintances.

Olivia couldn't wait that long. "Wagner's love music always

excites me, darling, I can still hear it ringing in my ears," she confessed, groping for my cock with a frenzied intensity devoid of any inhibitions.

I could tell she couldn't hold out until her digs. "Shall I have Jackson do a turn through Central Park?"

"Quite a few turns, darling," she purred. Jackson got the idea and headed the limo for the park.

By now she had my eager cock harder than a rock, pulling my pants down so she could admire it in the dim floor-light. With the encouragement of her hand fisting more tight strokes on it, my meat was swelling even harder, her big boobs heaving as she panted heavily. "Now you know why I turned down dessert," she gasped.

"There's not nearly as many calories in my cum pudding," I assured her, stretching back to enjoy the superb blow-job I knew she could suck on my hot cock.

Both hands fisted the long, thick shaft and slowly squeezed upward so more pre-cum could ooze to glisten the bell-shaped crown. One forefinger swished slow circles all around the circumference then caressed up and down the extended vein underneath. The blood pumped furiously and had my cock ready to explode while I began bouncing on the seat.

"Darling, you're unusually big and hard tonight," she murmured huskily.

"It was a long, dry weekend that I should have spent with you," I confessed, wishing her mouth would start maneuvering.

Her tongue finally teased the tip, then it dipped into the slit for more salty protein. My rear reflexed an upward push for her mouth to take all of my cock, and the crown slipped effortlessly into her oral cavity. She kept it there briefly and lathered some frothy, sizzling head. When my whole body reacted with tingling ripples, she engulfed the rest of my shaft until my bush was nuzzling her nose. That dame could really deep throat! My cock remained motionless while her hand excited my balls. They began rolling restlessly, and one hand kept a tight grip on them while she began sucking me to the stars.

"She told me she'd gone without dessert so she could swallow my cum pudding!"

With nature's endowment of a deep throat, she could excite me more with long, all-consuming sucks without gagging. And instead of helping her by

pumping on my prick, I relaxed to enjoy the electricity spreading like a brush fire to every pore of my body. And while that limo purred thru the park, her tight rhythm on my rod had that thread reeling taut until it was ready to snap. Know what I mean? Whenever she sensed it was ready to snap, she paused to let her tongue dribble circles around my whole cock then blow lightly until my cock was jerking out of control to cream some sperm.

"I could tell how hot she was for me just by the messages she left on my answering machine!"

When she went down on my balls, she licked and lapped at the hairy sac for more mind-boggling tingles. I could hear her inhaling deeply to smell my male odors that had her nostrils flaring with more hots. Then one by one she savored the taste of my meatballs, rolling them deftly until I almost exploded their creamy contents.

"I'm ready to give you that dessert," I gasped, my whole body writhing with anticipation.

This time when she sucked my jock-stick, it was with loud, lusty sucks of sheer greed as she gulped to keep that thread tightening. When it finally snapped, I gave one helluva, whoop, my legs went iron-taut, and my whole whopper lunged deeper in her mouth to explode fireworks that made me dizzy. My body was burning to a crisp as wave after wave of white-hot pellets poured into her throat. She kept sucking for every last drop.

"Darling, that was the best dessert I've had since the last time I dined on your dick," she told me.

"Don't forget I haven't had *my* dessert yet," I reminded her.

All the help had fled for the night, so we both shed clothes in every room on our way to her boudoir. I mean I was still as hot as she was to trot my cock in her cunt. That blow job in the limo had only whetted my appetite!

Olivia spread herself on black, satin sheets that she knew would accent every enticing curve of her hot bod. Her breasts were heaving with anticipation, my signal to go for their gold first. Her areolae were awesomely appetizing and unusually dark, her nipples the darker hue of a rich ripe fruit bud. My eyes drank them in hungrily, then I swabbed every inch of each gleaming milk gland, lathering around and around her plush melons before sucking on one nipple. God did it taste good. So good I pushed her tits together

and took both nipples simultaneously.

"Darling, you know that sucking both buds drives me mad," she moaned, her hot hands clawing at my bod.

I was too busy to answer. I plushed her sizzling tit-flesh around my face to feel that throbbing flesh pulsating against it. Then my tongue sparked a tingling pathway downward to that love-nest nestling between lithe thighs. Her gates to my pussy-heaven were swollen folds, reddened and pulsing their own eagerness to be sucked or fucked. First I licked at the moistness matting her thick bush, tonguing for every sticky dewdrop to satisfy my taste-buds. And when my tongue lathered long strokes on her pussy's folds, Olivia's moans were louder as her entire body trembled.

"Darling, eat me out down there, please," she panted. "Make me feel like you did when I sucked on your jock-stick."

I did my damnedest to please her. My swabs on her sopped pussy-lips intensified, then I parted them so my tongue could lick inside. Meaty muscle crimsoned instantly to a darker hue that started a flow bubbling hotly. And when my mouth wrapped around her clit, the flow became a flood of more sweet snatch-juice. I couldn't get enough of it and slurped noisily to drink every drop.

"You've got me burning to a crisp, don't stop," Olivia gasped, pushing my head deeper into that long ditch.

While she spasmed wave after wave of release, my tongue curled into her surging fuck-hole that tried to clasp it—vise tight. She always claimed my tongue tingling all those hidden nerve-endings was better than any boner banging her. My tongue strained to slide deeper, and Olivia practically shot thru the ceiling. When her arms and legs began flailing the air, I knew she was climaxing one hell of an orgasm, and sure enough! The quality and consistency of her cunt's secretion changed to a thicker, richer mellowness... ambrosia that made me drunk with more desire. Then I finally had to come up for air. Female odors vaporizing around me were stifling.

Olivia still wasn't satiated, and neither was I. "I really would like to consumate this evening with your cock in my cunt, darling," she cooed. "I'm greedy for the pleasure your big rod can give. I like having it gorging my guts to the very limit," she told me, reclining on those black sheets while we both admired her swollen snatch still surging as her fingers teased in and out of the deep hole to keep her hot. "Do you think I have started aging down there?" she worried. "I swear my mirror is reflecting

some new wrinkles I've never noticed before."

Olivia is one of those worry-warts who always needs re-assurance and gives me a damned good gratuity to hear me give it to her. Actually, it's a waste of words. There's nothing about her well-built body needing it. "Your muff is becoming as mellow as a vintage wine," I assured her. "And a good piece of meat like mine always brings out the best in you."

Music to her ears, her mouth made more tingle-time on my cock to get it hard and hot for her honey-pot. I could have let her suck all night—I swear she's that good—but I knew it wouldn't be fair to her. She was too famished for a good fuck. By this time her sizzling sucks had my tool twitching and itching to sow some creamy seed into her sweet snatch.

Whenever we did fuck, which wasn't all that often because we both reveled in rewarding suck-offs, Olivia had her own system worked out to get the most. I let her become the aggressor with me pinned to the bed, simple explanation being it was easier to keep her sensitive clit stimulated by going at it in that position. I swear that love button was so responsive you could touch it and she would flow a flood.

I sprawled like she had on the satin sheets, my iron-hard cock rearing like a flag pole for her snatch to salute. "Take my meat, Baby, it's all yours to satisfy your cunt's craving to be crammed with hot cock," I urged.

Olivia towered over me, fisting my tool lovingly. Then she lowered herself slowly while facing me. I could feel my long dong's hard crown creeping ever so slowly into her opening that slurped around it eagerly... welcoming it into that satiny warmth of her deep moist tunnel. Complete bliss was having it blanketed with a cover of flesh as fiery as a blast furnace. The entire shaft glided in effortlessly until my bush was nuzzling her pussy, that hard love nub of a clit throbbing hotly against my crotch.

"God does it feel good having your hard cock fill me full!" Olivia gasped, then we both synchronized to keep us sizzling with still more hots.

My loins pushed upward to meet each thrust as she did most of the work, straining to pull and push so my cock could grind hard against her clit with each lusty fuck in and out of her surging opening vising tightly on each burning stroke. One of my hands stretched to finger strokes on Olivia's love nub for still more stimulation to keep her creaming more sticky secretion, my other hand reaching to stroke her tits that were swinging seductively with each rhythmic fuck.

It was too much for Olivia, and

she let out another loud gasp. "Jeez, babe, I'm burning to a crisp, squeeze my clitoris harder and suck on my tits," she begged.

I obliged and more spasms of streaming secretion poured over both of our bodies, steamy vapors swirling a cloud of lust around us. When Olivia's hips accelerated to start my cock slurping and sloshing in and out with a faster rhythm, I gave one final, powerful thrust to fill her guts with what she had to have. My explosion of sizzling, creamy sperm seethed into her tight tunnel while her own waves of release met mine to overflow with a load that poured from her pussy...

Much later, it was almost time for her hired help to come to work when I finally left. In my game, one has to ration oneself. Otherwise Olivia and I probably would have still been hot at it. I have more than your average supply of sperm, but I also have other hot twats just as eager to walk and talk and take their share of it. And I knew one of them could be begging and pleading on my answering machine this very instant. It's a rough but rewarding racket being a "walker" but as long as there are rich, lonely women hot to trot, somebody has to do it!

Larry Palm lives in Manhattan where he's actively involved in the sex lives of the rich and famous.

HOOKERS

LILA'S HOUSE OF PLEASURE

She taught him all the lessons of love—for a fee!

by Virgil P.

"WELCOME TO LILA'S House of Pleasure. I'm Lila. Won't you come in?"

The woman that answered the door couldn't have been more than 5'3" tall. She had black hair, so long it fell below her beautifully shaped ass. Her blue eyes had a hint of the devil in them and I knew I had come to the right place. My best friend Tom had come here when he needed to work off some excess

sexual energy. He told me that for a few dollars I could get a beautiful woman to do anything I wanted. I sure hoped he was right. I had been taking my lunch to work every day for three months to be able to make a visit to Lila's.

Lila showed me into her office. It was a huge room with pillows but no chairs. I was sure that we were going to fuck right there and then. I was a little nervous but she was so sexy I was sure that I could get over that quick enough. She had a different idea. She sat down

behind her desk and motioned me to sit on a pillow in front of her. It was no more than a coffee table so she had to sit cross legged. I had a great view of her pert breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra and I could see her nipples straining against the silk of her dress. In my naivete I thought it was because she was hot for me. She noticed that I was nervous and offered me a drink.

"The bar is a self-serve and included in the price, so help yourself."

I went over and mixed myself a tall gin and tonic. I drank the first one much too fast and was on my second before I realized that Lila was staring at me.

"I know I wanted you to relax but don't get carried away," she said laughing. "Tell me a little about yourself," she asked.

I told her that my name was Barry but that wasn't true. I told her I was 22 and that is true. "I am very shy around women and my friend told me that you could help me get over that."

She laughed. I was convinced she could read my mind and knew exactly what I wanted. "Why don't we start out slow and let you watch a little of what goes on here before you actually get started yourself."

Before I could object she had shut off the lights in the room and one of the curtains, which encircled the room, was sliding back along the far wall. She explained that the window was one-way glass and the people in the other room knew they were going to be watched. When the curtain was fully parted I could see that there was no one there. About a minute later the door opened and in walked the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She was about 5'6", blonde, blue eyes with tits that I wanted immediately. I wanted to handle them and suck on them. Behind her walked a man. He was about 35 years old with a good build.

The girl was wearing a silk dress, similar to Lila's, and he was wearing a silk bathrobe and pants. She led him over to one of the pillows and eased him down. She propped more pillows behind his head and made sure that he was comfortable. She turned away from him, so that she was facing me, and started taking off her dress. It buttoned down the front so her strip took some time. More and more of her exquisite body was revealed to me. I soon realized that he might not have realized I was there but she sure did. She was performing as much for me as she was for him. This thought made me excited and I started to feel my virgin cock grow rigid.

The blonde girl knelt down in front of the man and started massaging his chest through his shirt. Before I could blink she had his shirt off and was sucking his nipples. I knew that men did that

to women but I never dreamed that a woman might do the same to a man. It became obvious that the man was enjoying it. Even from my vantage point I could see his hard-on through his pants. She worked her tongue down his chest until she came to his belt. She undid it and started working on his fly with her teeth. I couldn't imagine that a man's cock could be as big as his was but the girl didn't seem surprised. She just licked her lips and took the whole thing in her mouth. She deep-throated his hard cock for what seemed like forever. She pulled back and started teasing the head with her tongue. The man was moaning with pleasure. (I couldn't hear anything but I could sure see his expressions.) All the while she was caressing his nipples with one hand and massaging his balls with the other. She moved in closer to him so that she could straddle his cock and with one smooth motion sunk down so that his swollen member disappeared into her pussy. She moved in a steady rhythm for about a minute then seemed to go wild. The man grabbed her hips, half trying to hold on and half trying to guide her movements. She would not have this and moved his hands away from her. She ground her pussy against his cock. I could see his balls nudging into her plump butt cheeks.

I started massaging my cock through my jeans. I had all but forgotten that Lila was sitting on the other side of the coffee table.

"Are all your girls so wild?" I asked.

"Some are better than others," she replied with a laugh. "Do you want to see more?"

"I sure would!," I replied, a little too enthusiastically.

The curtain we were watching pulled closed slowly. I thought Lila was playing a joke on me and started to protest. When I turned to look at her I noticed that a curtain on the other side of the room was opening. My protest died in my throat as I began to see what was going on in this room.

'I couldn't imagine that a man's cock could be as big as his piece of flesh!'

Two men, one black and one white were kneeling in front of a petite white woman. Each man had a nipple in his mouth. One man was fingering her pussy while the other was playing with her thighs. The girl was obviously enjoying the attentions of these two studs. The black man released his hold on the girl's nipple only long enough to move

down to her pussy. He replaced his fingers with his tongue and started lapping away at her clit. This made the girl even crazier and I could tell (from what limited experience I had) that she was really getting off on it. He pulled her down on top of him so that she could straddle his huge black cock. His hips bucked like wild as he drove his swollen member deeper into the steamy pussy of his partner. The white man didn't want to be left out so he moved himself around her so that she could suck his cock. She took the head between her lips and teased it with her tongue, then sucked the whole shaft down. Even when he started to come she took everything in stride and swallowed every drop. The black man was still pumping away at her pussy. Their hips were moving in a wild frenzy. His balls were heaving. When that guy pumped her cunt hole full of jism, I swear I saw her coming too.

'She had a black cock in her pussy and a white cock filling her mouth!'

I had my cock out in my hand and was masturbating like my life depended on it. Again I had forgotten all about Lila being in the room, until, that is, I felt an extra pair of hands on my cock. This was the first time a woman had ever touched me like this and it took all my self-control not to come on the spot.

She reached behind her and flipped a switch that parted all the curtains around her office. I realized that we were in the center of a circle with rooms all around us. In each room there was a different set of people all in various acts of passion.

I noticed two women in one room, two women and one man in another and much to my surprise two men together in a third room.

Lila took my hands and placed them on her breasts. I could feel her hard nipples through her dress. The next sensation I felt was like nothing I have ever known before. Lila knelt down and took my cock in her mouth. Her warm, moist tongue caressed me like I never thought possible. The combination of her skillful mouth and being able to watch all those other people go at it became too much for me and I shot my load deep into her throat. She swallowed every drop and kept my dick in her mouth until it returned to its normal size.

I wanted to feel her pussy more than anything but I wasn't sure how to proceed. She must have

sensed this because she leaned back against the coffee table, lifted her dress and placed my hand between her legs.

At first I was hesitant so she took my hands and showed me how and where to rub her. When I got used to this she told me to lick it. I knelt down in front of her and buried my head in her hot, juicy cunt. The taste was sensational. I couldn't get enough. I started licking her clit and sticking my tongue as deep into her pussy as I could. It wasn't deep enough for me. Her hips started to buck, it felt like she was trying to fuck my face. She took my head and moved me away from her. I resisted but her gentle persuasion made me give way.

"It's time for the real lesson", she said, as she straddled my lower body. She grabbed my cock and guided it into her waiting pussy. I couldn't believe how good it felt and immediately started up a smooth rhythm. I didn't realize I could do it but I guess it comes naturally. She rode my cock like a cowboy! She moaned and thrashed about. My cock, not to mention my ego, was getting a firm boost. She guided me into new rhythms and patterns. I could feel my balls grow rigid and knew I was about to come. I put my arms around her and hung on for dear life as I felt my come rising through my cock. We humped together for another minute or so before I shot my load of steaming hot jism into her pussy. She came shortly after I did.

When we had calmed down a little she got up and moved behind her desk. She closed the curtains and the room was bathed in semi darkness again.

"That will be $300.00," she said in a business-like manner.

I didn't think it was going to be that much and I certainly wasn't prepared to pay that much and told her so. She explained that the usual price was $200.00 but since I had fucked her I would have to pay more. Obviously the price had gone up since my friend had been there. I told her that it had taken me about three months to save the $150.00 that I thought was going to be the fee. She said she would have to think about what to do. It took her about a minute to come up with a solution. If I was willing to come to work for her I could earn the money to pay her off. I agreed without even thinking about it. The chance to be around all those beautiful women made my cock hard again.

It's been two years since that day and I still work at Lila's. I quickly graduated from cleaning up the rooms to participating in the scenes. I haven't stopped thanking my friend for sending me to Lila's.

Virgil P. says that his job is "nice work if you can get it—on!"

Birthday Bondage

A bondage freak and her master really tie one on!

by Amy Cuvier

INSTEAD OF BREAKFAST in bed, my eccentric lover Eric recognized my birthday by awakening me to bath and bondage. After a luxurious soak in a sudsy tub, he patted me dry and spread-eagled me face-down on the bed, where the light chains fixing my wrists and ankles to the four corner posts effectively prevented me from moving about. Nice. All I had to (or could) do was lie there and take the consequences of his energetic fucking—which turned out to be a delightfully tingly orgasm.

Then he dressed quickly, stopping only once to finger my still-exposed pussy. "I'm going out for a while. Have fun."

"You're not going to leave me like this?" I hoped he was kidding. Eric's chains were secured about my limbs with top quality padlocks. There was no way in hell I'd get out on my own.

"Of course. You'll be all set to get fucked by whoever finds you..." He hesitated, then shoved the leather bit-gag between my teeth before tying it tight about my head. And then he was out the door.

Not for the first time, Eric was proving his psychological as well as physical dominance. We played bondage games regularly—my ass gets to craving that wild, out-of-control feeling that comes only when someone else gets put in charge—but he'd

never left me chained alone before. I mean, he might wander off into another room to let me stew in my juices, but he'd never left the house entirely. It was a scary feeling: what if someone else did find me?

Sick but sexy fantasies played in my mind as I awaited Eric's return. For a while, I tried to banish worry by summoning sleep, but my head simply wasn't going to shut down as long as my legs were stretched wide to expose my naked cunt. So I simply had to sweat it out. Although only minutes had passed before I heard the car re-enter the driveway, I felt as if I'd been spread for hours.

As the front door swung open, a loud, somewhat trampy voice sounded in the hallway. "Can I really do her any way I wanna?"

I turned my head as best I could to take in the woman that Eric was letting into our bedroom. My astonished gaze met the brown eyes of a twenty-ish, cheap-looking girl sporting tight jeans, pancake makeup, and acres of dark curly hair.

"Happy birthday," Eric said to me. "I've brought home a present."

I made some sort of senseless noise through the gag. I'd often mentioned my fantasy of sharing my master with another woman. But I'd never guessed that Eric would turn my dream into reality.

Meanwhile, he'd turned back to the girl. "There are a few rules," he was saying. "You are never to forget that this woman is my property. You may not damage her permanently, for I plan to use her again. And you must always remember that my orders take precedence over your whims. But whenever I have no use for either of you, you're free to do with her whatever you like."

The girl walked, or rather, undulated toward me. She stripped as she approached, her lazy sensual motions those of a trained erotic dancer. Her sweater floated off in one direction, her blouse in another, and then slowly, tantalizingly, her jeans. As she wore neither bra nor panties, by the time she reached me she was totally naked. I couldn't take my eyes off her lovely form. Although she'd looked too plump for fashion in clothes, her sun-kissed brown body was born for nudity, generously curvy at hip and breast while nipping in beautifully at the waist.

I nearly fainted with pleasure when she touched my still-pink ass. "You had to whip her, huh?"

Eric replied, "She was most impertinent." I shivered from the humiliation of having to listen to the two of them discuss me like an inanimate object.

The girl rubbed her hand against my spread cunt-lips, then inserted one finger into my pussy. "Can I fuck her now?" she asked

bluntly.

"You're overeager. Remember what I told you in the car?"

The girl looked down at her feet and spoke in a faint voice that turned her statement into a question. "You said to remind you that you owed me ten strokes?"

"You didn't do it, did you?"

She blushed prettily in the silence. I watched with rising excitement as I realized I was aout to witness a punishment.

'My cunt watered with excitement as I realized I was about to witness a bondage party!'

"Answer me," Eric demanded.

"No."

"No, I didn't remind you."

"Fetch the whip."

I watched in horrified fascination as the naked girl padded over to the cabinet where we hid the riding crop. Clearly, she'd been in our bedroom before. Perhaps Eric had required her to audition for this role...My cunt got hotter as I realized I was going to mightily enjoy seeing this bitch get hers.

Having fetched the whip, the girl bent down on her knees before Eric and handed it to him. He bid her rise and hold up her arms, and she did so without protest, standing patiently while Eric chained her wrists to a sturdy hook he'd installed in the ceiling. She was forced to stand high on her toes to keep from yanking her arms from their sockets. Probably the last thing she was thinking was how delectable she looked with her legs and back stretched out long.

I couldn't think of anything else.

He gave her ten smart strokes across the ass, then paused. "I warned you I'd double your punishment if you didn't remind me you had it coming."

The girl whimpered again.

"But now I have a better idea."

He unclipped her so quickly that she fell flat on her ass. She righted herself at once, but stayed down on her knees until Eric gave her permission to rise. He gestured at me with the whip.

"I have a slave who needs to be subdued." He handed her the crop. "Think you're up to the job?"

The girl clapped it experimentally against her open palm. she grinned nastily as she glanced back at the naked slave who'd witnessed her whipping—me. "I can handle her easy," she replied.

Eric sat down to watch while his girlfriend started rubbing my open pussy. "You're all wet, you

little bitch," she said. "That turned you on, watching me get beat?" I wriggled blindly against her palm, and she snatched it angrily away. "See how you like this." Crack! I winced as the crop connected smartly with my tender ass-cheeks.

"Now," she said, "if you don't want more of the same, you're going to eat me out." She yanked the gag out of my mouth and clambered onto the bed, sitting with her hairy mound right in my face, her legs stretched out on either side of my back. I stuck out my tongue tentatively, not really trying. The smell and taste of hot twat overwhelmed my senses.

She tapped the whip impatiently against the side of the bed. "Can't you do no better than that?"

I increased my efforts infinitesimally, hampered as I was by the strain on my neck from the chains pulling my arms.

"She don't believe I know how to whip ass. Looks like I'm gonna have to show her." Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the whip rise into the air. I began licking and sucking like a born lesbian. First I teased gently around the clit, then darted my tongue between her fleshy lips, probing the entrance to her sweaty pussy. After a few minutes, she dropped the whip and leaned back moving her hips up and down in order to extract the maximum pleasure from my cunt-lapping.

"Better. Much better," she purred. And then she tensed, shuddering. "I'm coming, I'm coming," she whimpered.

I was damn careful not to stop tonguing her until the last of her convulsions ceased. I'd no desire to invite punishment for poor performance.

But it seemed my efforts were in vain, for Eric's scornful voice rang out from across the room. "You girls call that a show? I've seen better acts on the street."

"You heard the man," my female tormentor said. "He wants to see some action." Her nimble fingers started working at the padlocks. I was doubly astonished. Eric hadn't even trusted me with the combinations! Once free, I sat up in a rage, fully intending to tear out the cunt's impertinent hair. Instead, I wobbled back, stiff from my prolonged bondage.

"On your knees," the bitch said. I obeyed. "More. Flat on the floor." I stretched out forward, my hands extended over my head. "Listen good to what I say. You seem to know something about going down, but I happen to think I know more. So we gonna have us a contest. I lick you and you lick me. First one to come loses. Sound good?" These last words were apparently directed to Eric, for she paused for his approval.

"Excellent. But I'd like to suggest a modification." I knew

damn well Eric's suggestions' carried the weight of imperial orders. "You need to set some stakes. I think the loser should be required to accept the ten strokes that I still owe Debby."

Debby. So now the bitch had a name.

She ordered me rise and get into position. We formed a sixty-nine on the bed, and for the second time I found myself licking that hot, almost tropical pussy. But now I had an added distraction—Debby's skillful tongue lapping deliciously at my own cunt. After all the warm-up I'd had, I guess it wasn't too surprising that I almost instantly lost control. As Debby rubbed her rough tongue over my palpitating clit, I came with a loud moan. But though the contest was over, Debby didn't pull away and suddenly I didn't want her to. I itched to give that twitching little box a real licking. I tongued her hard, eating her like a hungry maniac, and was rewarded minutes later when she cried out under the force of her own orgasm. We rolled apart and collapsed in momentary exhaustion.

'Eric stood by hungrily watching one naked slave fucking another!'

Eric snapped us back to attention by picking up the forgotten whip and sticking it into his belt. Satisfied that both of us had noticed his gesture, he made his announcement. "Amy lost." He jerked me to my feet and led me to the center of the room. I meekly accepted handcuffs and raised my arms as he clipped them over my head. I stood high on my toes, trembling, as I awaited whipping. I watched with a mixture of fear and desire as Eric returned the riding crop to Debby. "As the winner, you've earned the right to carry out the sentence. Ten strokes."

Debby strolled around me, plainly relishing her dominant position. "Count," she instructed me sternly. "Any number you don't call out don't count toward the ten. Understand?"

I muttered my assent, glancing toward Eric, who stood nearby at the side where he could get a close look at one naked slave whipping another. The bulge in his pants seemed to grow with every stroke I received. The same way my cunt got hotter.

"Fuck me," I begged when my punishment was over. "Fuck me now." When he unchained me, I was all over him.

He brushed me off like an insect. "You have simply got to

learn who gives the orders around here."

I stared at him, too worked up to understand.

"Kneel," he said.

I sank to my knees. Eric reached for Debby. The young girl helped him out of his clothes. His cock pointed straight to the ceiling, but his face remained calm as he ordered me to masturbate myself. I moaned as I brought my fingers down to own clit, while my man buried his cock in Debby's cunt. He fucked her slowly, with his usual exquisite control, so that both the bitch and I had time to come and come again. We were shrieking like wenches in heat. When Eric at last let go, his roar of victory seemed to last forever.

After a long interval, Eric gestured at me again. "Now how do you earn a fucking?"

I blushed as Debby smirked. "By being obedient." I let my gaze drop to his resurgent cock. "And by asking nicely. Please, master, may I?"

The seconds ticked by in the silence. After he'd let me sweat it for what he judged was the proper amount of time, he rolled over onto his back and waved me over. "Go ahead. But I expect you to do the work."

My slippery cunt pounced on his pole. Eric lay unmoving below me, letting me bounce and wriggle above him. Somewhere behind me Debby had retrieved the whip, which she smacked against my back to urge me on. I thought I'd never stop spasming with pain and pleasure.

Later, when Eric returned from taking Debby back to her apartment, he seemed a little nervous. He'd already explained that he'd contacted Debby through a personal ad in which she'd offered to play B/D games with horny couples. And, as I'd guessed, he'd given her ass more than one test drive before deciding she was right for my birthday surprise. But now that she was gone and the game was over, he dropped his master pose to ask me how I really felt.

"Couldn't you tell?" I asked, giggling a little.

"Oh, sure, probably the whole damn neighborhood knows you had a good time. But sometimes people have second thoughts—?"

I put a serious expression on my face. "Well, I was thinking." I began slowly.

Eric frowned nervously. "Tell me," he said.

"I'd sure hate to wait until my next birthday to see her again," I finished.

He smiled meaningfully, and I suddenly shivered, wondering what I was getting myself into now. "Just wait until you see what Santa's gonna bring you," he said with a wicked little grin.

Amy Cuvier is writing under a pen name.

WATER SPORTS

WE PLAYED PISS POKER

By Darrell Stover

ONE NIGHT ABOUT a month ago the guys come over for our weekly poker game. As usual the women took off on some shopping spreee or sometkhig. We played a while, drank beer and, as usual, the talk got around to sex. I can't even remember who brought the subject up or why. All I know is I discovered that golden showes are something to experience and enjoy.

Dave wasn't the least bit bashful in telling us about his experience.

"Sandy and I are lucky enough to have wealthy friends like Kate and Rick. We often go boating with them or sometimes we use their lakefront cabin on weekends. Not long ago, Kate joined Rick for a three week business trip in Europe. They asked us to move into their place to house sit."

All of us sitting around the table nodded. We'd heard about Kate and Rick before and how wild lthey were. We even knew when Dave and Sandy were housesitting...but we didn't know about his.

"That's where it happened?" someone asked.

Dave nodded his big shaggy head. "Rick and Kate have a big

house. They have pool, a sauna, a well-stocked bar and plenty of privacy. It was Sandy who introduced me to this kinky stuff. and we've been enjoying it ever since.

"It was Friday evening and she was in the shower when I came home from work. I stripped and joined her. Of course things got out of hand, or should I say in hand. She was getting my cock really hard with her skillful hands. I couldn't seem to keep my mouth off her tits or my hands off her perfect little ass."

We all sat there listening patiently. Dave was going to tell us this story in his own good time.

"We were standing there kissing. The hot water pounded on us, the excitement was building, when all of a sudden I felt something hot pouring onto my foot. I looked down and Sandy was pissing. The golden flow was squirting out from between her legs, running down her thighs and onto my foot. From the look in her eyes, I knew she was pretty turned on. So, while she was still pissing I began fingering her pussy. She came harder than I can ever remember.

"Still in the shower, she bent over and asked, no begged, me to fuck her up the ass. I was still turned on from the pissing so I gave her what she wanted."

"Man, can you believe that?"

"You ain't heard nothing yet," Dave said as he put out a cigarette and lit another. "The next morning, I went in the bathroom to take a leak only to find Sandy on the toilet.

"Don't leave," she said when I turned to go.

"I gotta piss."

And with that she spread her legs wide and pointed down into the toilet. Shaking my head at her sudden interest in a golden shower, I stood in front of her. I aimed my cock between her legs and let loose. The hot water spewed neatly between her legs into the bowl below.

"Sandy moaned and fondled her big, hard nipples. Then she took hold of my squirting rod and aimed it at her pussy. The yellow fluid wet her dark bush, making it look even blacker. Then, when I was finished, she put her finger to the end of my rod, captured a couple of drops and put them to her mouth.

"Sandy, what's gotten into you?" I asked, pleased but curious about her new game.

"She shrugged, making her jugs jiggle seductively. "Let's spend th day nude."

"I don't believe this."

Dave just waved his hand for silence and continued. "Since it was Saturday and we had no place to go, I thought that was a grand idea. While she made coffee, I checked to make sure the main gate was locked. We didn't want any unexpected company. Then we went out to the pool to

drink our morning coffee and sit in the sun as naked as the day we were born.

"We fucked after the experience in the bathroom that morning but I was still excited and semi-hard. Especially when Sandy dove into the water and began floating on an air mattress. Her breasts looked so firm, her nipples hard and pointy, her stomach flat and sexy. While I was sitting there drinking in Sandy's loveliness, I felt the need to take a whiz.

"Why bother going inside?" she asked when I told her. "Just go in the pool. The filters and chemicals are there for dealing with it."

"I hesitated. What was getting into her?

"C'mon, Dave, drain your dragon right here," she said with a sexy wink. "I want to watch."

"Sandy had maneuvered the raft to the edge of the pool. I walked to where she was waiting and held my peter out. Already a stream of pre-cum was dripping from the slit, a fact that didn't escape Sandy's eye. Nor did the clear fluid escape her hand as she caught it in her cupped palm.

"Been thinking about me?" she asked though she already knew the answer.

"I relaxed and felt my urine push into my cock. A long ropy strand of pre-cum surged from my cockhead and Sandy opened her mouth and caught it. Then a couple of drops of yellow joined the stringer. Suddenly, a stream of piss rocketed out, right into the pool, splashing like crazy. The yellow turned green as it mixed with the pool water.

"Then we switched positions. She sat on the edge of the pool and I spread her thighs so I could feast on her twitching twat. After I licked away the pool water, all I could taste was her womanly cunt, all juicy and flavorful. I dug my tongue in deep as it would go and the cunt muscles squeezed it,

'Sandy let me watch her take a nice, steamy piss as she squatted over the bowl!'

like it wa trying to pull my tongue out. Her swollen clit, too, got some attention and soon her sweet pussy was coming into my mouth.

"Sandy caught her breath and told me she had to take a leak.

"Do it,"I told her. In moments she let loose a yellow Niagra that hit me square in the chest and cascaded into the pool.

"By the time she finished, my cock was stiff again but before I fucked her I made her tell me where she got on the pissing kick.

She led me inside and into the den where a videotape was already in the VCR. It was a tape of Kate and Rick pissing on each other."

"You're kidding," I said skeptically.

Dave shook his head. "During the three weeks we were there, we watched that tape over and over and pissed all over the house. And we've enjoyed golden showeres ever since."

This story just seemed to get everyone else loosened up. Tall, quiet Michael indicated that he had a story to tell, which was a surprise. Well, he had an eager audience.

'I didn't mind sucking her nipples, even though they were coated with piss!'

"You all know tht Penny, my wife's younger sister moved in with us last fall. She goes to the community college and living here with is cheaper than living in the dorm. It works out pretty well. She helps Jane with the housework, too, so it is good for all of us." Michael paused for effect. "I recently became a beneficiary, too.

"You all know Jane. She's sweet and loving and God knows, I wouldn't hurt her for the world. Yet, I've always known Penny had a 'thing' for me. Jane's told me how her sister talks about me and even asked what kind of lover I was.

"One night I got up to take a leak. I padded to the batheroom in the dark, aimed my ready to burst dick at the toilet and let go. Instead of the tinkle of water hitting water, I heard nothing but a startled grunt. Surprised, shocked, but unable to stop pissing, I flipped on the bathroom light.

"What the hell?" I gasped.

"There was Penny sitting on the toilet. She was wearing a see-through nightie. Her auburn hair was tossled, looking incredibly sexy. Erect nipples strained at the top of her outfit. My piss was pouring out full force down over her tits, soaking her nightie. In was running in yellow streams down her belly to where her legs were spread wide. I could see her red-haired bush getting wetter and wetter.

"What did you do?" Terry asked.

"What would you do, stupid?" came a reply from Joseph and we all laughed.

"Both of us stared down into the bowl where the drops of piss finally ended. Then she looked up and gave me a quirky smile. Her green eyes were hot. Her

breath coming fast. I'd forgotten that I was naked. When I followed her hungry gaze to my cock, I realized I had a raging boner...and it was pointed right at my sister-in-law's mouth.

"Sorry," I began.

"She put her finger to her mouth, telling me to be quiet. Pursing those beautiful lips, she kissed the end of my dong and I knew she could taste the piss there. She licked her lips and moaned softly. Then she wrapped her warm fingers around my rod and pumped it a few times. God, it felt good and before long, I was fucking her little fist.

"Oh my God!" I groaned, thinking about Micahel's sister-in-law and how I'd drooled over that pretty butt.

"Penny's free hand went to her crotch where my pee still dripped from her red hairs. She held her cunt lips apart to show me her erect clit. Then she began rubbing the little nub furiously. With a little startled sound, Penny began to piss. And her fingers were still busy in her snatch.

I don't think Michael had ever said this much in one time in his life. It seemed that once he got started talking, he couldn't stop.

"The pissing stopped and she pulled her wet hand from between her legs. Her wet fingers closed around my shaft firmly. She pumped it a few more time, milking out my pre-cum. Then, she licked the knob and fed it into her sweet mouth. If felt damn good and I fucked her mouth gently. But I had other depths to explore before I shot my load.

"Maneuvering her onto the bathroom floor, I pushed her nightie up under her chin. Her firm tits were beautiful. I kissed them all over, not caring tht they tasted like piss. Then I slipped my prick into her tight honey hole.

"I swear, she was as tight as a virgin. I was so excited that her cunt sucked my spunk from my balls and kept me stiff until they managed to give up a second helping of seed. Only then did Penny relax her hold and let me roll away limp and exhausted. Leaving me on the bathroom floor weak, she hurried back to her bedroom.

"Now you guys realized we'll have to keep this a secret," Michael warned, shakining a long finger at each of us.

We all nodded.

"Jane would be really pissed if she found out!

The last one to speak up was a young guy. We all call him Junior. He's fresh out of college and living with a stunning redhead named Edith.

"It happened at a frat party in my senior year. I was dating Anna, a blonde beauty who was nicknamed The Ice Princess. Perhaps because of her Swedish heritage she was not as loose or

horny as most of the girls. Everyone figured she was frigid but, you know me, I love a challenge. This was our third date and I was determined to get into her Swedish snatch.

"I put a couple of six-packs in an ice chest and suggested that we get in a boat and go out on the lake. Anna thought it was a good idea, so we got in a motorboat and headed to the middle of the lake.

"We drank a few cans of beer and when Anna wasn't looking,

Even as she pissed, my sister-in-law frigged her hairy snatch!

I loosened a valve on the motor. Pretty soon, nature took its course and my bladder cried for release. I said I was going to take the boat in so I could go to the rest room. But the motor wouldn't start, of course.

Everyone laughed.

"Well, I gotta go," I said and stood up and unzipped.

"Anna laughed softly and asked if I wanted her to turn her head. I hauled out "Willie" and said I didn't care what she did. To my surprise The Ice Princess brazenly stared at my cock as I began pissing used beer in an arc. I watched her lick her lips as the stream splashed loudly in the water. She kept her blue, blue eyes glued to my cock and it began to expand knowing she was watching.

"My half-hard cock jerked to a firm, throbbing erection. As Anna squatted over the ice chest, I sat down pulling my jeans down to give my prick some air. I could see her puffy cunt lips.

"Feel how wet I am," Anna said huskily.

"I leaned forward and put my hand between her cream thighs. Thick juices were oozing out of her hole and I used my fingers to smear up and down her slit.

"Oh!" she gasped when I touched her hard clit.

"Suddenly, her golden fluid exploded. It poured over my fingers and into the ice chest like a hot water fall.

"I added a third finger to her tight hole and began pumping them in and out. Anna was no longer The Ice Princess, the cold cocktease. She had transformed into a bitch in heat. Her piss continued to flow through my fingers and into the ice chest, even as she shook and wailed through her climax.

"When Anna returned to earth, she moved forward, pee still dribbling from her cunt. I watched as she caught the last few drops in one hand while holding

my cock firmly with the other. After she smeared her piss into my throbbing shaft, she stroked it a few times. Pre-cum oozed out onto the swollen knob. I grasped when she leaned over and licked if off with a warm tongue. Then she worked her tongue around my meat, tasting her piss.

"Fuck me," she whispered, sitting up straight.

"That's by boy," Dave bragged and clapped Junior on the back.

Junior grinned. "Later Anna insisted that we go back to my apartment for some more beer. How 'bout that?"

Before we could say much more the women were back. They were giggling at something my wife said just as she came into the door.

"What's so funny?" I asked as she dashed past me and down the hall.

"She had a pee really bad," Charlie explained. "And every time I hit a bump in the road, she dribbled in her panties."

The women laughed that much harder.

"I'd better see if she needs any help," I told them.

That's when the guys joined in the laughter.

Let them laugh. Next time I'll have a story to tell too!

Darrell Stover is the pen name of a construction worker from Omaha, NE. He claims that he loves beer 'and'!

NOW THAT YOU GOT OFF ON *KINKS*, ENJOY OUR OTHER EXCITING 'ADULT' DIGESTS:

**** COUPLES TODAY!***
**** HUMAN DIGEST!***
**** BIZARRE LETTERS!***
**** INTIMATE LETTERS!***
**** HOT DREAMS!***

ON-SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!